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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1868, and is now in its hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the only one printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight pages, and contains the most interesting reading matter of the day. It is published daily, except on Sundays, and contains the latest news from all parts of the world. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office at 10 cents. Advertising in very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

DROWNED AT BEACH

A young woman from Brooklyn lost her life while bathing at the Newport Beach on Thursday, and although the body was recovered promptly it was not until night that identification was established and arrangements made to ship the remains home. When the bathing houses were closed for the night, the Beach authorities made a careful search and located the house that had been used by the victim, where her clothing was found and various articles of personal property. These indicated that she was Margaret Owen of 80 Clinton street, Brooklyn, who had been staying in the house of Mrs. Thomas Morgan on Carroll avenue while visiting Miss Fanny Ward, employed at Mrs. James S. Cushman's residence as a maid. Miss Ward subsequently identified the body at the morgue at the Police Station.

Miss Owen was not in deep water when she was knocked down by a heavy wave, but she was quickly swept out beyond her depth. The life guards were notified and made prompt efforts at rescue, but life was extinct when the body was brought ashore in a few minutes, and although the pulmotor was used all efforts were in vain. No one on the Beach could identify the victim of the accident and the remains were taken to the Police Station to await the closing of the bath houses at night which would reveal the identity.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen a communication was received from the chief of police, John A. Tobin, requesting an appropriation from the representative council that will grant all members of the department an increase of one dollar per day in their pay. The communication set forth the increased cost to members of the department, and also showed some comparative figures of wages paid to skilled and unskilled workers. The board will give the matter consideration and invited Chief Tobin to appear next Tuesday evening and discuss the matter when they will probably recommend the request to the representative council.

Alderman Hughes made a report on the condition of the roads on the railroad property around the Marlboro street depot, saying that the company would make temporary repairs at once, and that when the funds are available a permanent roadway will be built.

Bids were opened for the purchase of the old No. 1 combination engine, which had been replaced, and it was sold to the highest bidder, Edward E. Hinkler, at \$126. The report of the committee on building laws was ordered printed and distributed to the members of the representative council in advance of the meeting. The work will be done at the Mercury office. A great deal of routine business was transacted.

A large tract of land on the Cliffs, adjoining the land of the former New Cliffs Hotel, was sold at public auction last Saturday and brought \$14,500. John P. Reagan, representing a Providence party. The land was sold on the speeder plan, each lot being bid on separately and then bids called for the whole tract. The total bid exceeded by over \$10,000 the aggregate of the bids for the lots and was knocked down to Mr. Reagan.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, was held at the Miantonomi Club on Friday evening, the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island. In some years a banquet has marked the annual meeting, but this year it was decided to omit it.

CHAIRMAN HAYS HERE

The Young Men's Republican Club had the unusual opportunity of hearing the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Will N. Hays, at a special gathering of the Club on Wednesday evening. Some weeks ago Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt addressed the Club at the dinner at the Beach, and this second opportunity to meet a man prominent in national affairs came as a treat to the members of the organization. The meeting this week was held at the armory of the Newport Artillery Company and was attended by a large number of members of the organization. Mr. Hays had been in Boston during the day and came to Newport as the guest of Governor R. Livingston Beekman.

President James W. Thompson presided, and there was music and also the consideration of a number of matters in addition to the addresses. The matter of reduction in forces at the Torpedo Station was taken up and resolutions protesting against such action were adopted. In his address Governor Beekman called attention to the fact that the Democratic administration had established a factory in Virginia which was destined to take some of the work from the local Torpedo Station. Senator Gerry of Rhode Island is on the Naval committee, but this seemed to have no effect in preventing the establishment of the annex to the Torpedo Station in the South. He promised to do all in his power to maintain the force of workers in Newport.

Chairman Hays delivered a very interesting address, urging all to take an interest in politics and secure the best men for office. He called attention to the great work of construction by the Republican party, and said that the party had not followed the flag, but has carried the flag. He deprecated class legislation and said that both labor and business must have a part in all government that is to be representative. The country is face to face with the greatest problems that it has ever encountered, but the Republican party is equal to the gigantic task of solving them. All must work earnestly for the welfare of the whole country.

Senator Levy spoke on the necessity of watching at all times to prevent the removal of government establishments from Newport. In this connection the Club adopted a resolution protesting against the removal of the office of the United States Engineers from Newport to Providence; believing that Newport is without doubt the most central location, and that the work can be done more economically here.

While there was not a very large attendance at the Art Association last Monday evening when Dr. Robyns translated into music some of the wonderful paintings of Mr. Howard Hilder, the audience was a most appreciative one, and enjoyed a rare treat. The paintings are not only of rare beauty in themselves, but the talent of Dr. Robyns was strikingly evidenced in the unusual interpretation. Many requests have been received for a repetition of the affair.

The premium lists for the annual Newport County Fair, which opens on September 16, are ready for distribution to all who apply for them, the printing having been completed at the Mercury office. The books can be obtained at this office and in several other places. President I. Lincoln Sherman expects to have a bigger and better fair this year than ever, but he will have to go some to beat his previous records.

Mr. Thomas J. Murphy, a well known plumbing contractor, died early Friday morning after considerable illness. He had been ill for several months and for the last few days his condition had been regarded as critical. He had suffered greatly, and had wasted to a mere shadow of his former self. He was well known throughout the city. He is survived by a widow and three children, also by three brothers and two sisters.

Another strong effort is being made to move the local office of the United States Engineers from Newport to Providence, but it is being combatted by Newport interests. When a recent officer was sent to Newport he was directed to report at the office of the United States Engineers in Providence, but when he arrived in that city he was unable to locate any such establishment.

The Civic League has conducted a drive for funds this week, the object being to raise the sum of \$10,000 to carry on the local work of this organization.

LABOR DAY

Next Monday will be the first day of September and also Labor Day, the last of the summer holidays. The summer activities in Newport will be curtailed immediately, although the date comes early this year. If next Sunday and Monday should prove to be pleasant days, they would see about the largest crowds of the season in Newport and at the Beach. The Beach management has been rather fortunate this year, in spite of much rainy weather, in having generally fair Sundays. As these are the days on which the profits are made, the season for this resort can probably be called a successful one. Some immense crowds have been assembled there during the Sundays in August, and the automobile traffic to the Beach has been enormous.

Labor Day will as usual be observed as a general holiday in Newport, and, contrary to custom, there will be a large parade of labor men. A number of the local unions have signified their intention of participating in the parade, which promises to be a large one. James C. Walsh, president of the Central Labor Union, will be the Chief Marshal. The parade will start from Washington Square at 10 a. m., and will move down Thames street, Dearborn, Spring, Pelham, Bellevue avenue, Kay street, Powell avenue, Broadway to Bliss Road, and counter-march to the City Hall, where the line will be reviewed by the Mayor, board of aldermen and invited guests. There will be three bands of music and the line promises to be a long one. At the City Hall a wreath will be placed on the memorial tablet and Mayor Mahoney will deliver an address.

There are a number of picnics and other out-of-door affairs planned for the day.

The Labor Day program at the Newport Beach will include the annual children's event of digging for blocks in the sand. This has become a regular feature of the day at the Beach, children and grown-ups both taking a great interest in the mad scramble for prizes. One thousand numbered blocks are buried in the sand and at a given signal the children are turned loose to dig for them. The numbers on the blocks correspond with numbered prizes in the Convention Hall, and these prizes are immediately claimed by the lucky winners. Special dinners will be served at the Beach throughout the day, and all the departments will be wide open for the reception of the large crowd that is expected.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt was in Newport this week and had a long conference with naval officers at the various stations here, as well as some of the employees of the Naval Torpedo Station. He went over the subject of reduction in forces at the Station at considerable length, and promised to try to make some changes from the plans that have been announced, but believed certain reductions would be necessary.

The report of the representative council committee on revision of the building laws will be printed and distributed to the members of the representative council previous to the council meeting if the City Treasurer can find the money to pay for the printing. City Clerk Fullerton has obtained estimates of the cost of printing, and the Mercury Publishing Company was the lowest bidder.

At the meeting of Newport Post, American Legion, on Tuesday evening, it was voted to accept with thanks the offer of Mrs. Charles L. F. Robinson to present the Post with a stand of colors, and a committee was appointed to confer with Mrs. Robinson in regard to the gift. Mrs. Robinson lost a son in the war, Lieutenant Caldwell Colt Robinson, who was killed in action at Belleau Wood.

Mrs. George W. Smith of Philadelphia, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Wood on Charles street. Mr. Smith, who was formerly connected with the White automobile factory in Detroit, is now with the Victor talking machine in Camden, N. J., holding a very responsible position in the engineering department.

Henry Frazier, a member of the crew of the fishing schooner Serrell, is under treatment at the Newport Hospital for an injured spine as the result of a fall down a hatchway on the vessel in the harbor. He was treated by the City Physician and conveyed to the Hospital in the ambulance.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Sanborn of Boonton, N. J., are visiting relatives in this city.

CHARLES F. HOFFMAN

Mr. Charles Frederick Hoffman, a well known summer resident of Newport, died at his residence, "Armsea Hall," on Ocean Drive on Thursday afternoon. Although he had been in poor health all summer and had been unable to take part in the activities of the Newport season, he had shown considerable improvement within the last few days and his recovery was hoped for by the family. Thursday afternoon, his heart suddenly failed to function and death came immediately.

The news of Mr. Hoffman's death was a great blow to the members of the summer colony, among whom he was greatly esteemed. He took a great interest in all that concerned Newport and its summer life and had been prominent in many fields of activity. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman had been summer residents of Newport for a number of years, having purchased the handsome residence overlooking the harbor and bay which was built by General Francis V. Greene. They had made many improvements to the property and took great pride in their Newport home, seldom missing a season here. The spring and fall they were accustomed to spend at their country residence at Cazenovia, N. Y.

Mr. Hoffman was a son of the late Rev. Charles F. Hoffman of New York, and inherited a large estate, consisting largely of New York real estate, including the Hoffman House property. He was prominent in New York financial circles and was a member of the leading clubs of New York and Newport. He is survived by a widow and one daughter; also by a brother and sister.

REV. CHARLES F. BEATTIE

Rev. Charles Frederick Beattie, rector of St. John's Church, died at his apartments in the Faisnead on Washington Street early Saturday morning after a long illness. He was first stricken last February, and although he was somewhat improved in the early summer and able to resume his duties in the church for a time, he suffered a relapse in July and had been critically ill since that time. He had suffered from a valvular disease of the heart, and for the last few weeks had been in a critical condition, with his death expected at any moment. His death brought great sorrow to the members of his parish as well as to citizens generally, by whom he was universally esteemed.

Rev. Mr. Beattie was born in the town of Scituate, Rhode Island, sixty-three years ago, and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary in New York in 1889. He was rector of Trinity Church, Haverhill, Mass., and of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., coming to Newport in 1898, as rector of St. John's Church, where he had since remained. He was deeply beloved by the members of his parish. He was devoted to his church and during his long residence here had accomplished a great deal for the welfare of that institution. He was of a quiet and retiring disposition, but possessed a very lovable character which endeared him to all who knew him. He was deeply interested in all movements for the moral and spiritual benefit of the community.

The funeral service was held in St. John's Church on Tuesday morning and was very impressive. There was a very large attendance, including many members of the clergy both from Newport churches and outside the city. The clergymen assisting in the service were Right Reverend James D. Wolf Perry, Bishop of Rhode Island, Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., Rev. Spence Burton, Rev. Frederick J. Penfold, D. D., and Rev. Charlton S. Turquand. The committal was in St. Mary's Churchyard in Portsmouth, where Rev. Everett P. Smith read the opening services and Bishop Perry offered prayer.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Carter Allan, daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Allan, and Mr. Thomas Hawthorne Leonard of this city. Mr. Leonard has recently returned from overseas service in the Engineers and will shortly return to Springfield, Mass., to complete his course in the Y. M. C. A. College there.

David J. Dugan of this city, who recently returned from two years overseas service, has been elected vice president of a Rhode Island Veteran Association of the Fourth Division.

It is now the expectation that Wilson's treaty will be rejected as a whole by the Senate. Wilson will have to make another tour overseas to construct a new treaty.

ITALIAN BATTLESHIP COMING

Next week Newport will have a visit from the Italian battleship Conti di Cavour, now in Boston harbor, under the command of Admiral Hugo Conz of the Italian Navy. It had been expected that the ship would arrive here late this week, but announcement comes from Boston that the visit will be delayed because of engagements in the Massachusetts city.

Great preparations are being made for the reception of the officers and men in Newport and their visit will be a gala occasion. The members of the various Italian societies have held meetings this week and are making plans for the entertainment of the crew of the vessel. The army and navy here will also take official cognizance of the distinguished visitors and will extend to them every courtesy.

It has been many years since a representative of the Italian navy has been seen in Newport harbor, and the occasion to show the good feeling existing between the two great countries will be welcomed by all, and especially by those citizens of Italian birth or descent. Governor Beekman will officially receive the Admiral and officers of the ship, and the possibility of a reception at the Newport Casino or some other desirable place is being discussed. It is quite likely that some of the summer residents will wish to entertain the visitors.

The Newport Horse Show has been the attraction at the Newport Casino this week, and has drawn large crowds as usual. Society has turned out en masse to attend the show and many handsome gowns have been displayed in the boxes and on the grounds of the Casino. Many persons have been attracted from out of town and the hotels and boarding houses, both here and in Jamestown, have been filled by those who came on especially to attend the Horse Show, which has a national reputation.

The ferry boat Bristol has been withdrawn from the run between Bristol Ferry and Providence for the rest of the season, and automobilists are now required to take the Fall River route between Newport and Providence. This action is the result of an accident to the shaft of the ferry boat last week, the damage being so serious that repairs could not be made before the close of the summer season.

An action against the City of Newport has been instituted by Morris Friedman, who asks for \$4,000 for damage to his property caused by the change of grade in the Marchant street section. The work was begun some years ago, but is not yet finished and it is reported that much of the property where the grade has not yet been changed is subject to much flooding in wet weather.

Two kettles of asphalt caught fire at the City wharf on Thursday and made a lively blaze which necessitated the calling of a chemical engine to prevent damage to adjoining property. The asphalt burned for some time, and attracted a considerable crowd, but the only loss was the destruction of about forty barrels of asphalt.

The employees of the Bay State Street Railway Company have accepted a compromise offer of a twelve and one-half per cent. increase in their wages and all danger of a strike has been averted. They asked for an increase of 25 per cent., but under existing conditions, voted to accept the compromise offer.

Only five millions misused in airplane deal during the war. A mere bagatelle, but added to the sums squandered by this government in other ways, makes the handsome little sum of a few billions.

The strikers on the Western roads have had their orders. Go to work or others will take their places. It is time our officials woke up to the danger of all these strikes.

There is no likelihood of an immediate increase in coal rates in Newport, although in some other parts of the State they have gone up this week.

The visit to Newport of Eamonn de Valera, president of the so-called Irish Republic, has been postponed until Saturday, September 13th.

The public schools will reopen on Monday, September 8, and permits are now being issued at the office of Superintendent Lull.

HEAVY THUNDERSTORMS

This has been about as wet a week as Newport often experiences in the summer, and in spite of the daily predictions for fair "tomorrow" the rains have continued to descend at intervals. The total precipitation amounts to several inches, a large part of which came down within a period of only a few hours. Much of the time there has been thunder and lightning and some damage has been done in the city and vicinity.

Beginning last Sunday evening, the city was treated to a series of thunder storms of more or less intensity which lasted for nearly twenty-four hours with scarcely a let-up. All Sunday night the lightning flashed almost continuously, and a number of bolts came to the ground within the city limits.

It was about sunset Sunday night that the first storm broke over the city, being preceded by the high gusts of wind that have marked many similar storms this summer. Black clouds had appeared in the west some time before, so that those who had observed them had taken the precaution to make an early start for their homes. Many people lingered at the Beach, however, and as the storm broke there was a rush for cover and for transportation to carry the strangers back to their homes. A number of open trucks from Fall River and other cities passed out Broadway just before the rain started, and their occupants must have received a severe drenching.

From that time until Monday night, it stormed almost continuously, the heavy rain being accompanied by brilliant lightning and heavy thunder. At times the sky was illuminated constantly by the frequent flashes that followed each other without an interruption and the thunder roared all the time. Many persons were awakened in the night by the violence of the storm, while some who are always nervous in an electrical storm hardly closed their eyes at all. Shortly after midnight Monday morning a lightning bolt struck one of the buildings on the Coddington Point section of the Training Station, setting it afire instantly. The Station fire department was called out and had a hard fight in the rain in order to save the adjoining buildings. One of the detention buildings was thoroughly gutted, but the efforts of the fire department, with the aid of the heavy rain, were sufficient to prevent the spread of the flames to other buildings.

This was the most serious result of the storm, in the city proper, but throughout the County there was much damage. In Block Island the full force of the storm was felt, two churches being struck and one of them being burned. Several dwellings were struck and many of the people in the large summer hotels were thrown into a panic. At Tiverton there was considerable damage done. Throughout the State, the storm was one of the worst on record for a number of years.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE

A large audience assembled in Realty Hall on Tuesday evening to listen to a lecture on Christian Science by John Randall Dunn, C. S., of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church. George B. Austin, First Reader of the local church, under whose auspices the lecture was held, presided and introduced the speaker, who said in part:

Christian Scientists know that Mrs. Eddy did not originate Christian Science, she discovered it, brought it to light. It is the simple, unadulterated spiritual teaching of Jesus and the prophets who preceded Him. I regret to confess the fact that before I knew anything about Christian Science I was quite sure that Christian Scientists worshipped Mrs. Eddy, and that her system of healing was based upon will power, or the human mind over matter. But when at last I read the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," I found that Christian Scientists worship the Supreme and only God, and entertain for the reverend Leader of their movement only sentiments of affection and deep gratitude.

In the Christian Science text book we read that Heaven is harmony. Therefore the message of the Savior, which indeed is good tidings of great joy to the bound and afflicted of earth, is that harmony, deliverance, salvation, are at hand, and are to be realized in the proportion that we lift our thought from the material and lay hold on the spiritual facts of being. Science and Health in a few words sums up the remarkable discovery of the truth of being.

The next term of the Rhode Island Normal School will open on Monday, September 8, at 10 o'clock, when new students will be registered and will be assigned to classes. Candidates for admission must be graduates of approved high schools with recommendations from the principal.



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc.

Illustrated by Edwin Myers

CHAPTER I.

At Old Fort Armstrong.

It was the early springtime, and my history tells me the year was 1832, although now that seems so far away I almost hesitate to write the date. It appears surprising that through the haze of all those intervening years—intensely active years with me—I should now be able to recall so clearly the scene of that far-off morning of my youth, and depict in memory each minor detail. Yet, as you read on, and realize yourself the stirring events resulting from that idle moment, you may be able to comprehend the deep impression left upon my mind, which no cycle of time could ever erase.

I was barely twenty then, a strong, almost handstrong boy, and the far wilderness was still very new to me, although for two years past I had held army commission and been assigned to duty in frontier forts. Yet never previously had I been stationed at quite so isolated an outpost of civilization as was this combination of rock and log defense erected at the southern extremity of Rock Island, fairly marooned amid the sweep of the great river, with Indian-haunted land stretching for leagues on every side. A mere handful of troops was quartered there, technically two companies of infantry, yet numbering barely enough for one; and this in spite of rumors daily drifting to us that the Sacs and Foxes, with their main village just below, were already becoming restless and warlike, inflamed by the slow approach of white settlers into the valley of the Rock. Indeed, so short was the garrison of officers, that the harassed commander had ventured to retain me for field service, in spite of the fact that I was detailed to staff duty, had borne dispatches up the Mississippi from General Gaines and expected to return again by the first boat.

The morning was one of deep-blue sky and bright sunshine. As soon as early drill ended I had left the fort enclosure and sought a lonely perch on the great rock above the mouth of the cave. Below, extended a magnificent river, fully a mile wide from shore to shore, unbroken in its vast sweep toward the sea except for a few small willow-studded islands a mile or two away. Over there, in the near shadow of the Rock Valley, was where Black Hawk, dissatisfied, revengeful, dwelt with his British band, gathering swiftly about him the younger, fighting warriors of every tribe his Indian-



He Had Been at the Fort but Two Days Before, a Tall, Straight, Taciturn Indian.

ence could reach. He had been at the fort but two days before, a tall, straight, taciturn Indian; no chief by birth, yet a born leader of men, defiant in speech and insolent of demeanor in spite of the presence also at the council of his people's true representative, the silent, cautious Keokuk.

Even with my small knowledge of such things it was plain enough to be seen there existed deadly hatred between these two, and that Keokuk's desire for peace with the whites alone postponed an outbreak. Already tales reached us of encroaching settlers advancing along the valley, and of savage, retaliating raids which could only terminate in armed encounters. That Keokuk could continue to control his people no longer seemed probable to me, for the Hawk was evidently the stronger character of the two, possessed the larger following and made no attempt to conceal the depth of his hatred for all things American.

Down below where I sat a little river steambot was tied to the wharf, a dingy stern-wheeler, with the word "Warrior" painted across the pilot house. My eyes and thoughts turned that way. Standing alone together near the stern were a heavily-built man with white hair and beard, and a younger, rather slender fellow, with clipped, black mustache. Both were unusually well dressed, the latter exceedingly natty and fashionable in attire, rather overly so, I thought, while

the former wore a long coat and high white stock. Involuntarily I had placed them in my mind as river gamblers, but was still observing their movements with some curiosity when Captain Throckmorton crossed the gangplank and began ascending the steep bluff. The path to be followed led directly past where I was sitting and, recognizing me, he stopped to ex-

change greetings.

"What! have you finished your day's work already, Lieutenant?" he exclaimed pleasantly. "Mine has only just begun."

"So I observe. It was garrison talk last night that the Warrior was to depart at daylight."

"That was the plan. However, the Wanderer went north during the night," he explained, "and brought mail from below, so we are being held for the return letters. I am going up to the office now."

My eyes returned to the scene below.

"You have some passengers aboard," a few, picked up several at the lead mines, besides those aboard from Prairie du Chien."

"Evidently all of your passengers are not miners, captain," I ventured. "Those two standing there at the stern, for instance."

He turned and looked. "No," he said; "that big man is Judge Beaucare, from Missouri. He has a plantation just above St. Louis, an old French grant. Of course you know the younger one."

"Never saw him before."

"Then you have never traveled much on the lower river. That's Joe Kirby."

"Joe Kirby?"

"Certainly; you must have heard of him. First time I ever knew of his drifting so far north, as there are not many pickings up here. Have rather suspected he might be laying for Beaucare, but the two haven't touched a card coming down."

"He is a gambler, then?"

"A thoroughbred; works between St. Louis and New Orleans. I can't just figure out yet what he is doing up here. I asked him flat out, but he only laughed, and he isn't the sort of man you get very friendly with, some say he has Indian blood in him, so I dropped it. He and the judge seem pretty thick, and they may be playing in their rooms. See you again before we leave; am going up now to have a talk with the major."

My eyes followed as he disappeared within the open gates, a squat, strongly built figure, the blue smoke from his pipe circling in a cloud above his head. Then I turned idly to gaze once again down the river and observe the groups loitering below.

Assuredly it was none of my affair, and yet a certain curiosity caused me to observe the movements of the two so long as they remained on deck. However, it was but a short while before both retired to the cabin, and then my gaze returned once more to the sullen sweep of water, while my thoughts drifted far away.

A soldier was within a few feet of me and had spoken before I was even aware of his approach.

"Lieutenant Knox?"

I looked about quickly, recognizing the major's orderly.

"Yes, Sanders, what is it?"

"Major Bliss requests, sir, that you report at his office at once."

Wondering what might be desired of me, yet with no conception of the reality, I followed after the orderly through the stockade gate, and across the small parade ground toward the more pretentious structure occupied by the officers of the garrison.

A number of soldiers off duty were loitering in front of the barracks, while a small group of officers occupied chairs on the log porch of their quarters, enjoying the warmth of the sun. I greeted these as I passed, conscious that their eyes followed me curiously as I approached the commandant's office. Major Bliss glanced up at my entrance, with deep-set eyes hidden beneath bushy gray eyebrows, his smooth-shaven face appearing almost youthful, in contrast with a wealth of gray hair.

"How long have you been here at Armstrong, Lieutenant?" he questioned, toying with an official-looking paper in his hands.

"Only about three weeks, sir. I came north on the Enterprise, with dispatches from General Gaines."

"I remember; you belong to the Fifth, and without orders, I promptly dragooned you into garrison service." His eyes laughed. "Only sorry I cannot hold you any longer. It seems you have an application pending for a furlough."

"Yes, sir."

"It is my pleasure to inform you that it has been granted—sixty days, with permission to proceed east. There has been considerable delay evidently in locating you."

A sudden vision arose before me of my mother's face and of the old home among the hills as I took the paper from his extended hands and glanced at the printed and written lines.

"The date is a month ago."

"That need not trouble you, Knox. The furlough begins with this delivery. However, as I shall require your services as far as St. Louis, I shall date this acceptance from the time of your arrival there."

"Which is very kind, sir."

"Not at all. You have proven of considerable assistance here, and I shall part from you with regret. I have letters for Governor Clark of Missouri and Governor Reynolds of Illinois; also one to General Atkinson at Jefferson barracks, detailing my views on the present Indian situation. These are confidential, and I hesitate to intrust them to the regular mail service. I had intended sending them down river in charge of a noncommissioned officer, but shall now utilize your services instead—that is if you

are willing to assume their care?"

"Very gladly, of course."

"I thought as much. Each of these is to be delivered in person. Captain Throckmorton informs me that he will be prepared to depart within an hour. You can be ready in that time?"

I smiled.

"In much less. I have little with me but a field kit, sir. It will not require long to pack that."

"Then return here at the first whistle and the letters will be ready for you. That will be all now. Travel as a civilian if you please, Lieutenant, but I suggest it will be well to wear the uniform of your rank when you deliver the letters."

Fifteen minutes sufficed to gather together all my belongings and change from blue into gray, and, as I emerged from quarters, the officers of the garrison looked about me with words of congratulation and innumerable questions. Universal envy of my good fortune was evident, but this assumed no unpleasant form, although much was said to express their belief in my early return.

I shook hands all around, and left them, hastening across the parade to the office. Ten minutes later I crossed the gangplank and put foot for the first time on the deck of the Warrior. Evidently the crew had been awaiting my arrival to push off, for instantly the whistle shrieked again, and immediately after the boat began to churn its way out into the river current, with bow pointing down stream. Throckmorton leaned out from the open window of the pilot house and hailed me.

"Put your dunnage in the third cabin, Knox—here, you, Sam, lay hold and help."

It was nothing to boast of, that third cabin, being a mere hole, measuring possibly about four feet by seven, but sufficient for sleeping quarters, and was reasonably clean. It failed, however, in attractiveness sufficient to keep me below, and as soon as I had deposited my bag and indulged in a somewhat capricious scrutiny of the bedding I very willingly returned to the outside and clambered up a steep ladder to the upper deck.

Judge Beaucare was standing at the low rail. Our eyes met inquiringly, and he bowed with all the ceremony of the old school.

"A new passenger on board, I think, sir," and his deep, resonant voice left a pleasant impression. "You must have joined our company at Fort Armstrong?"

"Your supposition is correct," I answered, some peculiar constraint preventing me from referring to my military rank. "My name is Knox, and I have been about the island for a few weeks. I believe you are Judge Beaucare of Missouri?"

He was a splendidly proportioned man, with deep chest, great breadth of shoulders and strong individual face, yet bearing unmistakable signs of dissipation, together with numerous marks of both care and age.

"I feel the honor of your recognition, sir," he said with dignity. "Knox, I believe you said? Of the Knox family at Cape Girardeau, may I inquire?"

"No connection to my knowledge; my home was at Wheeling."

"Ah! I have never been that far east; indeed the extent of my travels along the beautiful Ohio has only been to the Falls. The Beaucares were originally from Louisiana."

"You must have been among the earlier settlers of Missouri?"

"Before the Americans came, sir," proudly. "My grandfather arrived at Beaucare Landing during the old French regime; but doubtless you know all this?"

"No, judge," I answered, recognizing the egotism of the man but believing frankness to be the best policy. "This happens to be my first trip on the upper river, and I merely chanced to know your name because you had been pointed out to me by Captain Throckmorton. I understood from him that you represented one of the oldest families in that section."

"There were but very few here before us," he answered with undisguised pride. "My grandfather's grant of land was from the king. Alphonse de Beaucare, sir, was the trusted lieutenant of D'Iberville—a soldier and a gentleman."

I bowed in acknowledgment, the family arrogance of the man interesting me deeply. So evident was this pride that this might be all the man had left—this memory of the past.

"The history of those early days is not altogether familiar to me," I admitted regretfully. "But surely D'Iberville must have ruled Louisiana more than one hundred years ago?"

The judge smiled.

"Quite true. This grant of ours was practically his last official act. Alphonse de Beaucare took possession in 1712, one hundred and twenty years ago, sir. I was myself born at Beaucare sixty-eight years ago."

"I should have guessed you as ten years younger. And the estate still remains in its original grant?"

The smile of condescension deserted his eyes, and his thin lips pressed tightly together.

"I regret not; many of the later years have proven disastrous to the estate," he admitted, hesitatingly. "You will pardon me, sir, if I decline to discuss misfortune. Ah, Monsieur Kirby! I have been awaiting you. Have you met with this young man who came aboard at Fort Armstrong? I—I am unable to recall the name."

"Steven Knox."

I felt the firm, strong grip of the other's hand, and looked straight into his dark eyes. They were like a mask. The face was long, firm-jawed, slightly swarthy, a tightly clipped black mustache shadowing the upper lip. It was a reckless face, yet appeared carved from marble.

"Exceedingly pleased to meet you," he said carelessly. "Rather a dull lot on board—miners and such cattle. Bound for St. Louis?"

"Yes—and beyond."

"Shall see more of you then. Well, judge, how do you feel? Carver and McAfee are waiting for us down below."



"Rather a Dull Lot on Board—Miners and Such Cattle."

The two disappeared together down the ladder and I was again left alone in my occupancy of the upper deck.

CHAPTER II.

History of the Beaucares.

The first two days and nights of the journey southward were devoid of any special interest or adventure. After the first day Kirby withdrew all attention from me and ceased in his endeavor to cultivate my acquaintance, convinced of my disinclination to indulge in cards. Throckmorton, being his own pilot, seldom left the wheelhouse, and consequently I passed many hours on the bench beside him. At one time or another he had met the famous characters along the river banks, and through continual questioning I thus finally became possessed of the story of the house of Beaucare.

In the main it contained no unusual features. Through the personal influence of D'Iberville at Louis court Alphonse de Beaucare had originally received a royal grant of ten thousand acres of land bordering the west bank of the Mississippi a few miles above St. Louis. When his master returned to France leaving him unemployed, Beaucare, possessing ample means of his own, had preferred to remain in America. In flatboats, propelled by voyageurs, and accompanied by a considerable retinue of slaves, he, with his family, had ascended the river and finally settled on his princely estate. Here he erected what for those early days was a stately mansion, and devoted himself to cultivating the land. Twenty years later, when his death occurred, he possessed the finest property along the upper river, was shipping heavily to the New Orleans market, and was probably the most influential man in all that section.

His only son, Felipe, succeeded him, but was not so successful in administration, seriously lacking in business judgment, and being decidedly indolent by nature. Felipe married into one of the oldest and most respectable families of St. Louis, and as a result of that union had one son, Lucius, who grew up reckless of restraint, and preferred to spend his time in New Orleans, rather than upon the plantation. Lucius was a young man of twenty-six, unsettled in habits, when the father died, and, against his inclination, was compelled to return to Missouri and assume control of the property. He found matters in rather bad condition, and his was not at all the type of mind to remedy them. Much of the land had been already irretrievably lost through speculation, and when his father's obligations had been met, and his own gambling debts paid, the estate, once so princely and magnificent, was reduced to barely five hundred acres, together with a comparatively small amount of cash. This condition sufficed to sober Lucius for a few years, and he married a Menard of Cape Girardeau, of excellent family but not great wealth, and earnestly endeavored to rebuild his fortunes. Unfortunately his reform did not last. The evil influences of the past soon proved too strong for one of his temperament. The plantation house became in time a rendezvous for all the wild spirits of that neighborhood, and stories of fierce drinking bouts and mad gambling were current in St. Louis.

"Have you ever been at Beaucare, captain?" I asked.

"We always stop at the landing, but I have only once been up the cliff to where the house stands. The judge was away from home—in St. Louis, I believe—the day of my visit. He had sold me some timber, and I went out with the family lawyer, a man named Haines, living at the landing, to look it over."

"The house was closed?"

"No; it is never closed. The housekeeper was there, and also the two daughters."

"Daughters?"

"Certainly; hadn't I told you about them? Both girls are accepted as his daughters; but, if all I have heard is true, one must be his granddaughter." He paused reminiscently, his eyes on the river. "Haines told me a number of strange things about that family I had never heard before," he admitted at last. "You see he has known them for years, and attended to most of Beaucare's legal business. This is about how the story runs, as he told it. It wasn't generally known, but it seems that Lucius Beaucare has been married twice—the first time to a Creole girl in New Orleans when he was scarcely more than a boy. Nobody now living probably knows whatever became of her, but likely she died early; anyway she never came north, or has since been heard from. The important part is that she gave birth to a son, who remained in New Orleans, probably in her care, until he was fourteen or fifteen years old. Then some occurrence, possibly his mother's death, caused the judge to send for the lad, whose name was Adelbert, and had him brought to Missouri. All this happened before Haines settled at the Landing, and previous to Beau-

caire's second marriage to Mademoiselle Menard. Bert, as the boy was called, grew up wild, and father and son quarreled so continuously that finally, and before he was twenty, the latter ran away, and has never been heard of since—simply disappeared, and no one knows to this day whether he is alive or dead. At least if Judge Beaucare ever received any word from him he never confessed as much to Haines. However, the boy left behind tangible evidence of his existence."

"You mean—"

"In the form of a child, born to a quadroon girl named Della. The mother, it seems, was able in some way to convince the judge of the child's parentage. All this happened shortly before Beaucare's second marriage, and previous to the time when Haines came to the Landing. Exactly what occurred is not clear, or what explanation was made to the bride. The affair must have cut Beaucare's pride deeply, but he had to face the conditions. It ended in his making the girl Della his housekeeper, while her child—the offspring of Adelbert Beaucare—was brought up as a daughter. A year or so later the second wife gave birth to a female child, and those two girls have grown up together exactly as though they were sisters. Haines insists that, neither of them knows to this day otherwise."

"But that would be simply impossible," I insisted. "The mother would never permit."

"The mother! Which mother? The slave mother could gain nothing by confession, and the judge's wife died when her baby was less than two years old. Della practically mothered the both of them, and is still in complete charge of the house."

"You met her?"

"She was pointed out to me—a gray-haired, dignified woman, so nearly white as scarcely to be suspected of negro blood."

"Yet still a slave?"

"I cannot answer that. Haines himself did not know. If manumission papers had ever been executed it was done early, before he took charge of Beaucare's legal affairs. The matter never came to his attention."

"But, captain," I exclaimed, "do you realize what this might mean? If Judge Beaucare has not issued papers of freedom this woman Della is still a slave."

"Certainly."

"And under the law her child was born into slavery?"

"No doubt of that."

"But the unspeakable horror of it—this young woman brought up as free, educated and refined, suddenly to discover herself to be a negro under the law—and a slave. Why, suppose Beaucare should die, or lose his property suddenly; she could be sold to the cotton fields, into bondage to anyone who would pay the price for her."

"There is nothing on record. Haines assured himself as to that some years ago."

"What are the two girls named?"

"Rene and Eloise."

"Which one is the daughter?"

"Really, lieutenant, I do not know. You see I was never introduced, but merely gained a glimpse of them in the garden. I doubt if I would recognize the one from the other now. You see all this story was told me later."

I sat there a long while, after he had gone below, the factum mate at the wheel. Totally unknown to me as these two mysterious girls were, their strange story fascinated my imagination. What possible tragedy lay before them in the years? What horrible revelation to wrench them asunder—to change in a single instant the quiet current of their lives? In spite of every effort, every lurking hope, some way I could not rid myself of the thought that Beaucare—either through sheer neglect, or some instinct of bitter hatred—had failed to meet the requirements of his duty. Even as I sat there, struggling vainly against this suspicion, the judge himself came forth upon the lower deck and began pacing back and forth restlessly beside the rail. It was a struggle for me not to join him; the impetuosity of youth urging me even to brave his anger in my eagerness to ascertain the whole truth. Yet I possessed sense enough, or discretion, to refrain, realizing dimly that, not even in the remotest degree, had I any excuse for such action. This was no affair of mine. Nor, indeed, would I have found much opportunity for private conversation, for only a moment or two later Kirby joined him, and the two remained together, talking earnestly, until the going called us all to supper.

Across the long table, bare of cloth, the coarse food served in pewter dishes, I was struck by the drawn, ghastly look in Beaucare's face. He had aged perceptibly in the last few hours, and during the meal scarcely exchanged a word with anyone, eating silently, his eyes downcast. Kirby, however, was the life of the company, and the miners roared at his humorous stories and anecdotes of adventure—while outside it grew dark, and the little Warrior struggled cautiously through the waters, seeking the channel in the gloom.

CHAPTER III.

The End of the Game.

It must have been nearly midnight before I finally decided to seek a few hours' rest below, descending the short ladder and walking forward along the open deck for one last glance ahead. Some time the next day we were to be in St. Louis, and this expectation served to brighten my thoughts. I turned back along the deserted deck, only pausing a moment to glance carelessly in through the front windows of the main cabin. The forward portion was wrapped in darkness, and unoccupied, but beyond, toward the rear of the long saloon, a considerable group of men were gathered closely about a small table, above which a swinging lamp burned brightly, the rays of light illuminating the various faces. Gambling was no novelty on the great river in those days, gambling for high

stakes, and surely no ordinary game involving a small sum, would arouse the depth of interest displayed by these men. Some instinct told me that the chief players would be Kirby and Beaucare, and with quickening pulse I opened the cabin door and entered.

No one noted my approach, or much as glanced up, the attention of the crowd riveted upon the players. There were four holding cards—Judge Kirby, Carver and McAfee, and I judged at a glance that the latter two were merely in the game as a tense, the betting having already gone far beyond the limit of their resources. Without a thought as to the cards they held my eyes sought the face of the two chief players, and then I signed the stakes displayed on the table before them. McAfee and Carver were clearly enough out of it, their cards still gripped in their fingers, as they leaned breathlessly forward, observed more closely the play. The judge sat upright, his attitude stately, staring down at his hand, his face white and eyes burning feverishly. That he had been drinking heavily was evident, but Kirby frowned him in a parent cold indifference, his feeling completely masked, with the cards held bunched in his hands and collar concealed from view. Between the two rested a stack of gold coin, a roll of crushed bills, and a legal paper of some kind, the exact nature of which I could not determine. It was evident that a fortune already rested on the table, awaiting the flip of a card. In silence, the breathless attention, evolved me that the crisis had been reached—it was the judge's move; he must cover the last bet or throw down his hand a loser.

Perspiration beaded his forehead, and he crunched the cards savagely in his hands. His glance swept past the crowd as though he saw nothing of their faces.

"Another drink, Sam," he called, his voice trembling. He tossed down the glass of liquor as though it were so much water, but made no other effort to speak. You could hear the strangled breathing of the men.

"Well," said Kirby, sneeringly, his cold gaze surveying his motley opponent. "You seem to be taking your time. Do you cover my bet?"

Someone laughed nervously, and a voice sang out over my shoulder, "You might as well go the whole hog, judge. The niggers won't be so good without the land ter work 'em on. Piling 'em into the pot—they're as good as money."

Beaucare looked up, red-eyed, his lips twitched yet managed to maintain a steady gaze between them.

"How about that, Kirby?" he asked hoarsely. "Will you accept a bill of sale?"

Kirby grinned, shuffling his hand carelessly.

"Why not? 'Twon't be the first I've played for niggers. They're worth so much gold down the river. What have you got?"

"I can't tell offhand," he said.

"About twenty field hands."

"And house servants?"

"Three or four."

The gambler's lips set more tightly, a dull gleam creeping into his eyes.

"See here, Beaucare," he said sharply. "This is my game, and I play square and never squeal. I know about what you've got, for I've looked them over; thought we might get down to this sometime. I can make a pretty fair guess as to what your niggers are worth. That's why I raised you ten thousand and put it on the money. Now if you think this bluff, call me."

"What do you mean?"

"That I will accept your niggers covering my bet."

"The field hands?"

Kirby smiled broadly.

"The whole bunch—field hands and house servants. Most of them are old; I doubt if altogether they will bring that amount, but I'll take the risk. Throw in a blanket bill of sale, and we'll turn up our cards. If you won't do that the pile is mine as it stands."

Beaucare again wet his lips, staring at the uncovered cards in his hand. He could not lose; with what he had no combination was possible which would beat him. Yet in spite of this knowledge the cold, sneering confidence of Kirby brought with it a strange fear. The man was a professional gambler. What gave him such reckless? Why should he be so eager to risk such a sum on a so inferior hand? McAfee, sitting next him, leaned over, managed to get a swift glimpse at what he held, and eagerly whispered to him a word of encouragement. The judge straightened up in his chair, grasped a glass someone had placed at his elbow, and gulped down the contents. It whispered words, coupled with the fiery liquor, gave him fresh courage.

"By heaven, Kirby, I'll do it!" he blurted out. "You can't bluff me on the hand I've got. Give me a stack of paper, somebody—yes, that will do."

He scrawled a half-dozen lines fairly digging the pen into the paper in his fierce eagerness, and then signed the document, flinging the pen across toward Kirby.

"There, you bloodsucker," he said.

He scrawled a half-dozen lines fairly digging the pen into the paper in his fierce eagerness, and then signed the document, flinging the pen across toward Kirby.

"There, you bloodsucker," he said.



New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time table revised May 5, 1919.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton, Boston, week days, 5.55, 8.50, 9.10, 11.10 a. m., 1.25, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 5.05, 9.10 p. m.
Sundays—Leave Newport 6.55, 1.55, 11.10 a. m., 1.05, 5.05, 7.10 (for Fall River), 9.10 p. m.
Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.05, 5.05, 9.10 p. m.
Tiverton—5.55, 8.50, 9.10, 11.10 a. m., 1.10, 5.05, 6.05, 9.10 p. m.
Middleboro—3.05 p. m.
Plymouth—3.05 p. m.
New Bedford—5.55, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.05, 5.05, 9.10 p. m.
Providence (via Fall River)—5.55, 8.50, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 3.05, 4.10, 5.05, 9.10 p. m.

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918
Cars Leave Washington
Square for Providence
WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE DEVIL'S OWN

Continued from Page 2

Insolently. "Is that all right? Will that do?"

The imperturbable gambler read it over slowly, carefully deciphering each word, his thin lips tightly compressed. "You might add the words, 'This includes every chattel slave legally belonging to me,'" he said grimly.

"That is precisely what I did say." "Then you can certainly have no objection to putting it in the exact words I choose," calmly. "I intend to have what is coming to me if I win, and I know the law."

Beaucaire angrily wrote in the required extra line.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Let McAfee there sign it as a witness, and then toss it over into the pile." He smiled, showing a line of white teeth beneath his mustache. "Nice little pot, gentlemen—the judge must hold some cards to take a chance like that," the words uttered with a sneer. "Fours, at least, or maybe he has had the luck to pick a straight flush."

Beaucaire's face reddened, and his eyes grew hard.

"That's my business," he said tersely. "Sign it, McAfee, and I'll call this crowing cockerel. You young fool, I played poker before you were born. There now, Kirby, I've covered your bet."

"Perhaps you would prefer to raise it?"

"You hell-hound—no! That is my limit, and you know it. Don't crawl now, or do any more bluffing. Show your hand—I've called you."

Kirby sat absolutely motionless, his cards lying face down upon the table, the white fingers of one hand resting lightly upon them, the other arm concealed. He never once removed his gaze from Beaucaire's face, and his expression did not change, except for the almost insulting sneer on his lips. The silence was profound, the deeply interested men leaning forward, even holding their breath in intense eagerness. Each realized that a fortune lay on the table; knew that the old judge had madly staked his all on the value of those five unseen cards gripped in his fingers. Again, as though to bolster up his shaken courage, he stared at the face of each, then lifted his bloodshot eyes to the impassive face opposite.

"Beaucaire drew two kayards," whispered an excited voice near him.

"Hell! So did Kirby," replied another. "They're both of 'em old hands."

The sharp exhaust of a distant steam pipe below punctuated the silence, and several glanced about apprehensively. As this noise ceased Beaucaire lost all control over his nerves.

"Come on, play your hand," he demanded, "or I'll throw my cards in your face."

The insinuating sneer on Kirby's lips changed into the semblance of a smile. Slowly, deliberately, never once glancing down at the face of his cards, he turned them up one by one with his white fingers, his challenging eyes on the judge; but the others saw what was revealed—a ten-spot, a knave, a queen, a king and an ace. "A straight flush!" someone yelled excitedly. "D—J if I ever saw one before!"

For an instant Beaucaire never moved, never uttered a sound. He seemed to doubt the evidence of his own eyes, and to have lost the power of speech. Then from nerveless hands his own cards fell face downward, still unrevealed, upon the table. The next moment he was on his feet, the chair in which he had been seated flung crashing behind him on the deck.

"You thief!" he roared. "You dirty, low-down thief; I held four aces—where did you get the fifth one?"

Kirby did not so much as move, nor betray even by a change of expression his sense of the situation. Perhaps he anticipated just such an exploit and was fully prepared to meet it. One hand still rested easily on the table, the other remaining hidden.

"So you claim to have held four

aces," he said coldly. "where are they?"

McAfee swept the discarded hand face upward and the crowd bent forward to look at four aces and a king. "That was the judge's hand," he declared soberly. "I saw it myself before he called you, and told him to stay."

Kirby laughed—an ugly laugh showing his white teeth.

"The h—l you did? Thought you knew a good poker hand, I reckon. Well, you see I knew a better one, and it strikes me I am the one to ask questions," he sneered. "Look here, you men; I held one ace from the shuffle. Now what I want to know is where Beaucaire ever got his four? Pleasant little trick of you two—only this time it failed to work."

Beaucaire uttered one mad oath, and I endeavored to grasp him but missed my clutch. The force of his lurching body as he sprang forward upturned the table, the stakes jingling to the deck, but Kirby reached his feet in time to avoid the shock. His hand, which had been hidden, shot out suddenly, the fingers grasping a revolver, but he did not fire. Before the judge had gone half the distance he stopped, reeled suddenly, clutching at his throat, and plunged sideways. His body struck the upturned table, but McAfee and I grasped him, lowering the stricken man gently to the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

Kirby Shows His Hand.

That scene, with all its surroundings, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory. It will never fade while I live. The long, narrow, dingy cabin of the little Warrior, its forward end unlighted and in a shadow, the single swinging lamp, suspended to a blackened beam above where the table had stood, barely revealing through its smoky chimney the after portion showing a row of stateroom doors on either side, some standing ajar, and that crowd of excited men surging about the fallen body of Judge Beaucaire, unable as yet to fully realize the exact nature of what had occurred, but conscious of impending tragedy. The overturned table and chairs, the motionless body of the judge, with Kirby standing erect just beyond, his face as clear-cut under the glare of light as a chalice, the revolver yet glistening in



The Revolver Yet Glistening in His Extended Hand.

his extended hand, all composed a picture not easily forgotten.

Still this impression was only that of a brief instant. With the next I was upon my knees, lifting the fallen head, and seeking eagerly to discern some lingering evidence of life in the inert body. There was none, not so much as the faint flutter of a pulse, or suggestion of a heart throb. The man was already dead before he fell, dead before he struck the overturned table.

"Judge Beaucaire is dead," I announced gravely. "Nothing more can be done for him now."

The pressing crowd of men hemming us in fell back silently, reverently, the sound of their voices sinking into a subdued murmur. As I stood there, almost unconscious of their presence, still staring down at that upturned face, now appearing manly and patriotic in the strange dignity of its death mask, a mad burst of anger swept me, a fierce yearning for revenge—a feeling that this was no less a murder because nature had struck the blow. With hot words of reproach upon my lips I gazed across toward where Kirby had been standing a moment before. The gambler was no longer there—his place was vacant.

"Where is Kirby?" I asked, incredulous of his sudden disappearance.

For a moment no one answered; then a voice in the crowd creaked hoarsely:

"He just slipped out through that after door to the deck—him and Bill Carver."

"And the stakes?"

Another answered in a thin, piping treble.

"I reckon them two cusses took along the most of it. Enyhow 'tain't yere, 'cept maybe a few, cots that rolled under the table. It wasn't Joe Kirby who picked up the swag, for I was a watchin' him, an' he never once let go of his gun. That damn sneak Carver must a did it, an' then the two of 'em just sorter naturally faded away through that door that."

McAfee swore through his black beard, the full truth swiftly dawning upon him.

"Hell!" he exploded. "So that's the way of it. Then them two was in cahoots from the beginnin'. That's what I told the judge last night, but he said he didn't give a whoop; that he knew more poker than both of 'em put together. I tell yer them fellers stole that money, an' they killed Beaucaire."

"Hold on a minute," I broke in, my mind cleared of its first passion, and realizing the necessity of control. "Let's keep cool, and go slow. While I believe McAfee is right, we are not going to bring the judge back to life by turning into a mob. There is no proof of cheating, and Kirby has the law behind him. When the judge died

he didn't own enough to pay his funeral expenses. Now see here; I happen to know that he left two young daughters. Just stop, and think of them. We saw this game played, and there isn't a man here who believes it was played on the square—that two such hands were ever dealt, or drawn, in poker. We can't prove that Kirby manipulated things to that end; not one of us saw how he worked the trick. There is no chance to get him that way. Then what is it we ought to do? Why, I say, make the thief disgorge—and hanging won't do the business."

"Leave this settlement with me. Then I'll go at it. Two or three of you pick up the body, and carry it to Beaucaire's stateroom—forward there. The rest of you better straighten up the cabin, while I go up and talk with Throckmorton a moment. After that I may want a few of you to go along when I hunt up Kirby. If he proves ugly we'll know how to handle him, McAfee!"

"I'm over here."

"I was just going to say that you better stay here, and keep the fellows all quiet in the cabin. We don't want our plan to leak out, and it will be best to let Kirby and Carver think that everything is all right; that nothing is going to be done."

I waited while several of them gently picked up the body, and bore it forward into the shadows. I slipped away, silently gained the door, and, unobserved, emerged onto the deserted deck without. The sudden change in environment sobered me, and caused me to pause and seriously consider the importance of my mission. Nothing less potent than either fear, or force, would ever make Kirby disgorge. Quite evidently the gambler had deliberately set out to ruin the planter, to rob him of every dollar. Even at the last moment he had coldly insisted on receiving a bill of sale so worded as to leave no possible loophole. He demanded all. The death of the judge, of course, had not been contemplated, but this in no way changed the result. That was an accident, yet I imagined, might not be altogether unwelcome, and I could not rid my memory of that gleaming weapon in Kirby's hand, or the thought that he would have used it had the need arose. Would he not then fight just as fiercely to keep, as he had to gain? Indeed, I had but one fact upon which I might hope to base action—every watcher believed those cards had been stacked, and that Beaucaire was robbed by means of a trick. Yet, could this be proven? Would any one of those men actually swear that he had seen a suspicious move? If not, then what was there left me except a mere bluff? Absolutely nothing.

Unarmed, never once dreaming of attack, I advanced alone along the dark, narrow strip of deck, leading toward the ladder which mounted to the wheelhouse. There were no lights, and I was practically compelled to feel my way by keeping one hand upon the rail. I had reached the foot of the ladder, my fingers blindly seeking the iron rungs in the gloom, when a figure, vague, suddenly emerged from some denser shadow, and confronted me. Indeed the earliest realization I had of any other presence was a sharp pressure against my breast, and a low voice breathing a menacing threat in my ear.

"I advise you not to move, you young fool. This is a cocked pistol tickling your ribs. Where were you going?"

The black night veiled his face, but language and voice, in spite of its low rumble, told me the speaker was Kirby. The very coldness of his tone served to send a chill through me.

"To have a word with Throckmorton." I answered, angered at my own fear, and rendered reckless by that burst of passion. "What do you mean by your threat? Haven't you robbed enough men already with cards without resorting to a gun?"

"This is not robbery," and I knew by the sharpness of his reply my words had stung, "and it might be well for you to keep a civil tongue in your head. I overheard what you said to those men in the cabin. So you are going to take care of me, are you? There was a touch of steel in the low voice. "Now listen, you brainless meddler. Joe Kirby knows exactly what he is doing when he plays any game. I had nothing to do with Beaucaire's death, but those stakes are mine. I hold them, and I will kill any man who dares to interfere with me."

"You mean you refuse to return any of this property?"

"Every cent, every nigger, every acre—that's my business. Beaucaire was no child; he knew what he was betting, and he lost."

"That may be true, Kirby. I am not defending his action, but surely this is no reason, now that he is dead, why you should not show some degree of mercy to others totally innocent of



"I Advise You Not to Move, You Young Fool."

any wrong. The man left two daughters, both young girls, who will now be homeless and penniless."

He laughed, and the sound of that laugh was more cruel than the accom-

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years

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It makes the therapeutic principle of gravity available from childhood to old age; and is applicable to those who suffer from symptoms, distresses, and occasional incapacities caused by

INTESTINAL POISONING, PELVIC MISPLACEMENTS and CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

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Mrs. ALICE OWEN, R. N., in attendance

THE WEST GRAVITISER CORPORATION

panying words.

"Two daughters!" he sneered. "According to my information that states the relationship a trifle, friend Knox—at least the late judge never took the trouble to acknowledge the fact. Permit me to correct your statement. I happen to know more about Beaucaire's private affairs than you do. He leaves one daughter only. I have never met the young lady, but I understand from excellent authority that she possesses independent means through the death some years ago of her mother. I shall therefore not worry about her loss—and, indeed, she need meet with none, for if she only prove equal to all I have heard I may yet be induced to make her a proposition."

"A proposition?"

"To remain on the plantation as its mistress—plainly, an offer of marriage, if you please. Not such a bad idea, is it?"

I stood speechless, held motionless only by the pressing muzzle of his pistol, the cold-blooded villainy of the man striking me dumb. This then had probably been his real purpose from the start. He had followed Beaucaire deliberately with this final end in view—of ruining him, and thus compelling his daughter to yield herself.

"And you actually mean that you propose now to force Judge Beaucaire's daughter to marry you?"

"Well, hardly that, although I shall use whatever means I possess. I intend to win her if I can, fair means, or foul!"

I drew a deep breath, comprehending now the full iniquity of his plot, and bracing myself to fight it.

"And what about the other girl, Kirby? For there is another girl."

"Yes," rather indifferently, "there is another."

"Of course you know who she is?"

"Certainly—a nigger, a white nigger; the supposed illegitimate daughter of Adelbert Beaucaire, and a slave woman. There is no reason why I should fret about her, is there? She is my property already by law."

He laughed again, the same ugly sneering laugh of triumph. "That was why I was so particular about the wording of that bill of sale—I would rather have her than the whole bunch of field hands."

"You believe then the girl has never been freed—either she, or her mother?"

"Believe? I know. I tell you I never play any game with my eyes shut."

"And you actually intend to—to hold her as a slave?"

"Well, I'll look her over first before I decide—she would be worth a pot

full of money down the river."

The contemptuous, utterly indifferent manner in which he voiced his villainous purpose, would have crazed any man. To me this utterance was the last straw, breaking down every restraint, and leaving me hot, and furious with anger. I forgot the muzzle of the pistol pressed against my side, and the menacing threat in Kirby's low voice. The face of the man was indistinct, a mere outline, but the swift impulse to strike at it was irresistible, and I let him have the blow—a straight-arm jab to the jaw. My clenched knuckles crunched against the flesh, and he reeled back, kept from falling only by the support of the deckhouse. There was no report of a weapon, no outcry, yet, before I could strike again, I was suddenly gripped from behind by a pair of arms, which closed about my throat like a vise, throttling me instantly into silent helplessness. I struggled madly to break free, straining with all the art of a wrestler, exerting every ounce of strength, but the grasp which held me was unyielding, robbing me of breath, and defeating every effort to call for help. Kirby, dazed yet by my sudden blow, grew eager to take a hand in the affray, struck me a cowardly blow in the face, and swung his undischarged pistol to a level with my eyes.

"D— you!" he ejaculated, and for the first time his voice, really exhibited temper. "I'd kill you with this, but for the noise. No, by God! there is a safer way than that to settle with you. Have you got the skunk, Carver?"

"You can bet I have, Joe. I kin choke the life out of him—shall I?"

"No; let up a bit—just enough so he can answer me first. I want to find out what all this means. Now look here, Knox, what is all this to you? Why are you butting in on my game? Was Beaucaire a friend of yours?"

"I can hardly claim that," I admitted. "We never met until I came aboard this steamer. All I am interested in is justice to others."

"To others? Oh, I suppose you mean those girls—you know them then?"

"I have never even seen them," I said.

"I see; a self-appointed squire of dames; actuated merely by a romantic desire to serve beauty in distress. Extremely interesting, my dear boy. But, see here, Knox, and his tone changed to sarcasm. "Let the romance go, and talk sense a minute. You are not going to get very far fighting me alone. You haven't even got the law with you. Even if I cheated Beaucaire, which I do not for a moment admit, there is no proof. The money is mine, and so is the land and the niggers. You can

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be ugly, of course, but you cannot overturn the facts. Now, you acknowledge that what has occurred is personally nothing to you; Beaucaire was no special friend, and you don't even know the two girls—all right then, drop the whole matter. I hold no grudge on account of your striking me, and am even willing to share up with you to avoid trouble."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then, of course, we shall be compelled to shut your mouth for you. Self-preservation is the first law."

I looked about at them both, scarcely able to distinguish clearly over their outlines in the dense gloom. The seriousness of the situation, coupled with my helplessness, and inability to achieve the object proposed, was very evident. It might, under the circumstances, have been the part of wisdom for me to have sought some means of compromise, but I was young, and hot, fiery blood swept through my veins. The words of Kirby stung me with their breath of insult; his sneering, insolent offer to pay me to remain still.

"You must rank me as one of your own kind," I burst forth. "Now you listen to a plain word from me. If that was intended as an offer, I refuse it. You, and your confederate, have coolly robbed Beaucaire, and propose to get away with the spoils. Perhaps you will, but that end will not be accomplished through any assistance of mine. At first I only felt a slight interest in the affair, but from now on I am going to fight you fellows with every weapon I possess."

Kirby chuckled, apparently greatly amused.

"Quite glad, I am sure, for the declaration of war. Fighting has always agreed with me. Might I ask the nature of those weapons?"

"That remains for you to discover," I ejaculated sharply, exasperated by his evident contempt. "Carver, take your dirty hands off of me."

In spite of the fact of their threat, the ready pistol pressing against my ribs, the grip of Carver's fingers at my throat, I did not anticipate any actual assault. That either would really dare injure me seemed preposterous. Indeed my impression was, that Kirby felt such indifference toward my attempt to block his plan, that he would permit me to pass without opposition—certainly without the slightest resort to violence. The action of the two was so swift, so concerted, as though at some secret signal, that, almost before I realized their purpose, they held me helplessly struggling, and had forced me back against the low rail. Here I endeavored to break away, to shoot an alarm, but was already too late. Carver's hands closed remorselessly on my throat, and when I managed to strike out madly with one free fist, the butt of Kirby's pistol descended on my head, so lacerating my scalp the dripping blood blinded my eyes. The blow partially stunned me, and I half fell, clutching at the rail, yet dimly conscious that the two straining men were uplifting my useless body, Carver swearing viciously as he helped to thrust me outward over the wooden bar. The next instant I fell, the sneering cackle of Kirby's laugh of triumph echoing in my ears until drowned in the splash as I struck the black water below.

I came back to the surface dazed and weakened, yet sufficiently conscious to make an intelligent struggle for life. The overhang of the rapidly passing boat still concealed me from the observation of those above on the deck, and the advantage of permitting them to believe that the blow on my head had resulted in drowning, together with the knowledge that I must swiftly get beyond the stroke of that deadly wheel, flashed instantly through my brain. It was like a tonic, reviving every energy. Waiting only to inhale one deep breath of air, I plunged back once more into the depths, and swam strongly under water. The effort proved successful, for when I again ventured to emerge, gasping and exhausted, the little Warrior had swept past, and become merely a shapeless outline, barely visible above the surface of the river.

To be continued

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FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, August 30, 1919

Will Hays enunciated some good Republican doctrine at the Young Republican Club meeting Wednesday night. Hays is a live wire.

Wilson begins his "swinging round the circle" tour next Wednesday. He is going to speak in fifty cities. He is bound to whip the United States Senate into line if it takes all summer—and the fall also.

The actions of the nations of Europe towards Turkey is a disgrace to humanity. The Turks have been allowed for years to go on massacring Armenians whom they have killed by the thousands. Now that a U. S. officer has told the Sultan that this must cease, the whole of Europe is in an uproar, claiming that the United States has interfered with European management of the East. It might better be termed mismanagement. Europe in Turkey is about on a par with the United States in Mexico. Both cases are a disgrace to civilization.

THE COST OF SHOES

Some shoe dealers are predicting that shoes will be up to \$16.00 to \$20.00 by next winter. Only a few years ago you could buy an excellent pair of men's shoes for \$4.00, often for less. Where there are several children to be fitted out for school this fall the family man will indeed groan.

While speculation in hides and leather has no doubt raised these staples to artificial figures, public folly has some share in the high cost of footwear. The cost of the constant changes that occur in shoe fashions is very considerable. The lasts on which shoes are built are made of a costly kind of wood, usually fitted up with metal plates. It happens many times that a set of lasts can be used only for a single season. Then they are set aside as back numbers in favor of some new fad of fashion. The charge for lasts needlessly thrown away is said to \$10,000 to \$100,000 in many factories. Manufacturers and jobbers should unite to end this silly expense.

Another practice that makes leather scarce is the prevalence of very high topped shoes for women. Leather disappears rapidly when cut up into these big pieces. If women wish to return to old fashioned ideas of modesty let them lengthen their skirts and stop upsetting the leather market by absurdly high shoes.

The principal cause of the present prices is no doubt the scarcity of hides, due largely to the heavy demands of Europe. The public is not to blame for this scarcity, and should not be made to pay for it.

It looks as if the government would have to re-establish the price for hides previously in force. It would be well if some investigation by public or community authority could establish what is a fair price to charge for the various grades of shoes.

THE PRESENT TURMOIL

Never before has there been such a stir of social unrest. Never before have there been so many imminent problems pressing for solution. Never before have there been so many discontented people.

The existing conditions are what might naturally have been expected from the absence of the President in Europe for six months. At the most critical period of American history, he was across the ocean, unable to give but the most fragmentary attention to American problems.

The country marked time while he was gone, and practically nothing was accomplished toward reconstruction. The railroads were in a terrible tangle, but no remedial scheme of legislation was created. The cost of living continued unchecked at its high level, or even increased when the end of the war ought to have seen a fall in prices. The administration, deprived of its responsible head, drifted rudderless.

It is now easy to see how very much better it would have been if the peace treaty had first been signed, and the League of Nations matter adjourned to future consideration. If this had been done, the world would have settled down promptly. The long delay has permitted the forces of unrest and revolt to gather.

President Wilson would have done better to have remained at home. He would thereby have kept in closer touch with public opinion at home and the long controversy over the treaty could have been avoided.

With the considerable chance that President Wilson will be a candidate for a third term, it is necessary for the people to weigh his service and judge of his wisdom. His high ideals and remarkable gift of eloquence can be admitted, but when it comes down to practical life, he has a fatal gift for ignoring realities.

THE AMERICANIZATION CAMPAIGN

The work for Americanization in this country in past years has on the whole been rather a failure. A great deal of earnest effort has been made by public spirited people, and much has been accomplished in a quiet way. But there has been no adequate plan for teaching aliens the English language. The efforts to do it through the public school system have fallen far short of success and have often been a farce.

A very common method of conducting these schools has been to offer these adult learners the same text books as are given the littlest children in the regular day school classes. This food for infant minds would probably have such typical sentences as "I see the cat." "Do you see the rat?" "See the dog run." etc., etc.

Now the ordinary foreigner is not a fool. Not knowing English he may seem one, just as the ordinary American would seem like a fool in France or Italy. The alien immigrant is a man or woman who has shown unusual initiative or energy by breaking home ties and coming to this country, and he has knocked around the world a good deal.

When that foreigner, with a fairly mature mind, capable of handling practical matters with some sense, is put into a child's school, with little child's seats far too small for his burly frame, and given a baby book to study, the whole thing strikes him as preposterous. He has often been given sections of poetic English from the great authors which he could not possibly understand, when what he should have is short practical sentences such as he would see on the street and hear in his work.

When conducted in such ways Americanization work is largely a failure. The aliens become discouraged, they pass around the word that the school is "no good," and its attendance becomes irregular and drops off.

NON-PRODUCTIVE ELEMENTS

During the war the "work or fight" principle was fairly well enforced. It disgusted the people to see millions of men engaged in non-productive occupations, at a time when every particle of national force was required to whip Germany.

But now that the stress of fighting is over, the people are settling back into their old non-productive ways. Great numbers of men are engaged in occupations that do not add anything to the benefit of the community. Yet there is a scarcity of all kinds of necessities. If only these non-producers could be set to work, what a difference it would make.

Stock promoters are engaged in working off fake or doubtful stocks on a trusting public. Great numbers of people are manufacturing worthless medicines, notions, silly luxuries, catch-penny goods of a thousand kinds. Able bodied men set up little stands and shops to sell trifles already well provided by the standard stores of the town. Little knick-knacks are sold from door to door by people who look as if they could do a day's work.

Probably one to two million people are engaged in occupations that add nothing to the wealth, prosperity, or the advantage of the community. The public should discourage all those who try to make a living in these irregular ways. It should buy the things it wants of the regular dealers who pay taxes and whose enterprise deserve support.

It should cut down its purchase of silly superfluities, remembering that the more of these are bought, the scarcer and higher priced the necessities of life will be. It should tell the doubtful stock promoters to go to work building houses or harvesting crops. Only in this way can the entire force of the nation be turned into productive channels and existing scarcities be relieved.

The touring car of Dr. William A. Sherman, which was standing in front of his office on Touso street on Tuesday evening, was badly damaged by a car owned by a wealthy summer resident. The chauffeur of the latter car was arrested and taken to the Police Station for the night, as he was said to be under the influence of liquor. The damage to Dr. Sherman's car will be made good.

Shakespearean Brides.

None of the weddings of Shakespeare are conventional and no thought of the display wedding that women are said to love disturbed these brides who all seem sadly lacking in the reserve attributed to women. The Shakespearean bride does not have to be coaxed to name the day. Juliet, Portia and Olivia for all their lovers in mentioning the ceremony, the latter two hurrying their bridegrooms to church with a haste that is almost unseemly; and we have the testimony of Othello that Desdemona did the most of the courting.

Afghan Music.

The Afghans have a penchant for musical instruments, and the wealthier classes import some costly makes, though occasionally their manner of using them is somewhat startling. An Afghan nobleman sent for a grand piano, and had all the lower part cut off, as he found it most convenient to play it squatting on the floor.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Prof. John Handy of Manville, R. I., spent the past two weeks at the Surf Hotel.

Charles Ehrhardt, a member of the Sandy Point Coast Guard crew, launched his new hydroplane last Sunday afternoon in Sachem Pond. According to a friend at the Station, the craft resembled a U-boat in its maneuvers.

Walter Converse, a member of the original "Town Criers," is spending a few days with friends on the Island.

Dorax Hill has been engaged by the New National Hotel management as blacksmith for the remainder of the season. Bill's time will now be taken up "shooing flies."

One of the gayest events of the season was held at the Eureka last Monday evening when a masquerade ball was given for the benefit of the bell boys. Nearly every hotel on the Island was represented and many unique costumes were in evidence.

Hiram Willis is negotiating with the agents of the Faber line in an endeavor to have one of their ships land at his dock to carry his fish to Providence.

The Lewis & Littlefield Matrimonial agency have recently opened their new offices, one in the Telephone Co. block and the other at the New Harbor in the Dunn building.

Prof. W. Henry Rivard of the R. I. College of Pharmacy and Allied Sciences, spent the week-end at the Hill Crest. Prof. Rivard, in addition to his connection with the College, is chief chemist for the Geo. I. Claffin Co., of Providence.

Fred Marshall, (Dixzy), formerly of the Block Island section U. S. Naval Reserves, spent the week-end at the Bellevue.

Oswell Littlefield, Captain of the Watch Hill Coast Guard Station, and Ray Sands, Superintendent of the Third District U. S. Coast Guard, of Portsmouth, N. H., spent the past week-end on Block Island.

Madame Marie Murray has opened a seance parlor at the West Side, where summer visitors may have their future revealed to them on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons each week.

Miss Bessie Wirshing, the composer of the popular song, "My Little Jitney Rose," is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dodge on Calico Hill. Miss Wirshing will render her composition at a recital to take place at the opening night of the Checker Club next week.

The charter members of Block Island Flounder Club held a re-union and smoker in their clubhouse at the Harbor Beach last Sunday afternoon. After a few remarks by President Addison Rose, a short spiritual meeting was conducted by the Chaplain, William P. Dodge. Rev. Frank Austin made a brief address, requesting all members assembled to leave all acquired specimens of natural history, including horned toads and pale pink bears, in the club rooms at the conclusion of the day's program, warning them that their wives might object to harboring, even temporarily, a menagerie in their homes. The following charter members were present: William P. Dodge, C. Elmer Dodge, George Hoard, Winfield Conley, Jr., Addison Rose, Willard Mitchell, Rev. Frank Austin and Seth Allen. Several invited guests were in attendance.

Richard Dodge and Carl Lundberg, with a party of friends from Newport, gave a series of four hops at the Mansion last week. The Overland orchestra furnished music for the occasions.

A surprise party was held at the Yellow Kittens last Monday evening, several distinguished guests from Hartford and Providence being in attendance.

Our Free Baptist Church

Our little church lies in ashes today. We cannot meet there as in times before; But as souls live after bodies decay, The light it has cast will shine evermore.

Many lie sleeping, who once gathered there; Their souls are in peace because God was found. Others are scattered o'er earth everywhere, Who loved the old church now burned to the ground.

'Twas there little children were taught God's word; The older reviewed it over again. There, funeral rites of loved ones were heard; The church shared our joy, our sorrow, our pain.

Now it is gone, let us shoulder the cross, And continue that work at duty's call; And let us be sure, in meeting such loss, To grasp our standard and not let it fall.

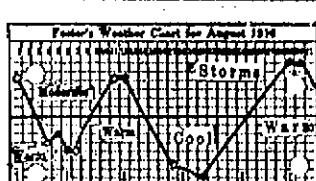
Attorney General Palmer is after the beer sellers and others who are violating the prohibition law.

Retaining Youthfulness.

A man who believes that environment saves thousands of lives said to me recently, "Oh, yes, every man is influenced by his environment. I always associate with men who are young, full of enthusiasm, determined to succeed, and who feel that there is no difficulty that is too great for them to surmount. It keeps me youthful. It prolongs my life. Whenever I am in their presence I feel a tremendous amount of enthusiasm, a wonderful zest for living."—Fern Howard.

Washington's Hair in Ring.

A signet ring containing locks of hair of George Washington has been added to the collection of relics of Alexandria Washington lodge of Masons, No. 22, in Alexandria, Va. The ring, which was the property of Mrs. Martha Peter, granddaughter of Martha Washington, contains several locks of Washington's hair—of reddish brown mixed with gray. It is inscribed "A. Hamilton, 1798." Abigail Hamilton was the grandmother of the donor.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D.C., Aug. 30, 1919. Last bulletin gave forecast of warm wave to cross continent Sept. 3 to 7, meridian 90, 4 to 8, eastern sections 5 to 9.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about Sept. 9 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies Sept. 10, plains sections 11, meridian 90, great lakes, middle Gulf States and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 12, eastern sections 13, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Sept. 14.

The two disturbances described in above paragraphs will control the weather of North America from near Sept. 3 to 14. The fluctuating temperatures of the two weeks will trend downward more than the season suggests and will reach the lowest of the month during the five days centering on Sept. 15. During those five days frosts are expected to reach some parts of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Montana, North Dakota and northern Minnesota. Not much damage is expected. More rain is expected from Sept. 1 to 15 than from 15 to 30; most rain in cotton states east of Mississippi and least in the States and Provinces mentioned in reference to frosts.

The moisture to water all the country east of Rockies crest must come from Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico. As that moisture proceeds northward, on its long voyage, to meet the storms that come from northwestern Canada, it is precipitated, causing rain, as it approaches higher lands. That precipitation exhausts the moisture, causes a shortage of rain on north sides of ridges and mountain ranges that extend east and west. The Rockies cut this moisture off from the Pacific slope and cause a deficiency of rain.

The facts mentioned in last above paragraph have been discovered recently by the writer and, including the knowledge of where, when and what part of the great oceans the moisture will come from to water the continents, are the most important weather facts ever discovered. I am doing my utmost to fit this knowledge to the use of all sections of North America, but the work is immense and the progress slow.

I am not expecting any material change in cropweather during September. It will be very much like that of August. The evaporation of sea water must change its locality before any great general change can occur in rainfall and cropweather. These facts apply to our southern states west of Rockies. There was good evaporation west of Mexico for July, and those southwestern states and Mexico got good rains. Only fair evaporation occurred there for August and rainfall was expected to be less. Bad evaporation is expected for that part of the Pacific Ocean for September and not much rain is expected for Mexico and our southern states, west of Rockies for September.

Day of Quill Pen Gone.

Trite as true it is to say that times change and the manners with them. Although the habit of carrying the pen behind the ear has not altogether disappeared in this day of the fountain pen, typewriter machine and other similar devices, the quill pen, so far as the present generation goes, is now more of an adjunct of rousage, stage settings and motion pictures. The fountain pen does not lend much artistic atmosphere to such as these.

Canning.

The French were the first people to preserve fruits and vegetables. This was away back in 1810. The French government offered a prize for the best method of storing foods during the winter months, and among the solutions was the canning process. America invented the fruit jar and brought the canning industry to be one of the largest and most important in the world, running into billions of dollars annually.

Honduras Attractive.

With a population estimated at 600,000 and an area approximately equal to that of Pennsylvania, Honduras has abundant room for development. It has a tropical climate with few of the usual disadvantages. The interior is mountainous and sublimous, with considerable rich land suitable for diversified farming and fruit growing, while all of the remainder, even the deep mountain slopes, is used for pasturage.

Weekly Almanac, SEPTEMBER, 1919

STANDARD TIME.						
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Moon	Water Ebb	
30 Sat	6 16	7 25	9 35	11 32	11 31	
31 Sun	6 08	7 23	10 10	11 12	11 10	
1 Mon	6 00	7 21	10 39	12 11	12 10	
2 Tues	6 10	7 20	11 21	1 26	2 00	
3 Wed	6 11	7 18	12 09	2 37	2 35	
4 Thurs	6 12	7 15	1 22	3 37	3 35	
5 Fri	6 13	7 13	1 30	4 31	4 29	
First Quarter, Sept. 2nd,				10.22m, morning		
Full Moon, Sept. 9th,				11.54m, evening		
Last Quarter, Sept. 16th,				11.31m, evening		
New Moon, Sept. 23rd,				11.31m, evening		

Deaths.

At the Falsneau, Washington street, August 23, Reverend Charles Frederick Beattie, Rector of St. John's Church, in his 56th year.
In this city, 24th inst., Donald Beck, infant son of James S. and Margaret A. Stepp.
In this city, 24th inst., Simeon A. Ball, in his 82d year.
In this city, 24th inst., Elizabeth V. daughter of John J. and Mary Gallagher.
In this city, 24th inst., Ellen, daughter of the late William and Sarah Chase Corbett.
In this city, 26th inst., Martha A. D., wife of Thomas Spooner.
In this city, 26th inst., Johanna, widow of Captain Timothy Peckham.
In this city, 26th inst., Harry A. son of James and Ellen M. Smith, aged 17 years.
At his summer residence in Newport, R. I., on Tuesday, August 26, Charles Frederick Hoffman, of New York City.
In this city, August 29, Thomas J. son of the late Michael and Mary Murphy.
In Baltimore, Md., 27th inst., Sarah Louisa Saunders, wife of William Burdick, M. D.
Suddenly, at Woodstock, Ottawa, Canada, Harry S. son of Mrs. Sarah O'Connell.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORMItems of Interest From All
Sections of Yankeealand

Senator Edward Hale has appointed to West Point, Wilfrid H. Hardy of Lewiston, Me., and he has been accepted by the adjutant general. The candidate is 20 years old and had enrolled at Bates College.

A meeting of delegates from farm bureaus of New England was held at Bellows Falls to discuss a constitution for a federation of American farm bureaus. There were 11 delegates representing all the New England States, except Rhode Island.

When Rev. William D. Beach, Middletown, Ct., pastor of the First Methodist Church, and his family left on their vacation in their automobile for North Woodstock, N. H., they strapped their chicken coops on the back of the automobile. "The high cost of living necessitates it," explained the minister.

Two safes in the Tremont Savings Bank, a small financial institution, Tremont, Me., were blown open by three men who escaped in a motorboat after firing a shot at the watchman of a factory who discovered them and sounded the fire alarm. They obtained around \$1500, according to bank officials.

With an average of seven automobiles being stolen each 24 hours within the Boston city limits, the special officers assigned to, automobile duty are bending every effort to round up organized bands of thieves. So far, however, the police admit that the increased number of arrests hasn't curbed the thefts to a marked extent.

Miss Elsie V. Mann, a slender girl stenographer, has been named temporary president of Maine's new \$30,000,000 corporation, the National Leather Co. The corporation, which will take over the tanning industry of Swift Co., Chicago, has 3,000,000 shares of capital stock to be sold at \$10 a share under the articles of incorporation.

Dean James P. Porter of Clark College is now with the Furo River Ship Building Corporation at Quincy, where he is studying labor problems. In order to see all sides of the problem, he went into the work as a laborer at the suggestion of the manager, and soon was transferred to the employment office. He will return about Sept. 9 to resume his college duties.

William W. Roberts, aged 79, oldest stationer in Maine, who began as a clerk in 1853, has sold his business, 433 Middle Street, Portland, to F. & Co., of Worcester and Springfield. Mr. Roberts will remain as an employee. He has been actively engaged without a day's idleness from ordinary cause since he began his apprenticeship long before the Civil War.

James M. Dooley, who some 30 years ago saved the late Andrew Carnegie from drowning, is dead in Medford, Mass. Dooley, who formerly lived in Bath, Me., and was a leading shipbuilder and old-time sailing captain, is believed by his rescue of the aged philanthropist to have been indirectly instrumental in the establishing of the Carnegie Hero Fund by the Pittsburgh Iron magnate a few years later.

A suit has been brought against Maxime Beaulieu, inspector in the Lewiston, Me., Police Department, for \$1000 damages for alleged assault. The plaintiff is Joseph Paradise, an armless youth, aged 22, who alleges that Beaulieu assaulted and choked him at the Lewiston police station, Aug. 5, after he had been arrested and placed on probation for intoxication. The writ is returnable to the October term of court.

An appeal was filed with the clerk of the United States District Court, Boston, by counsel for William A. English and John H. O'Brien, members of the wool firm of English & O'Brien, who are now serving an 18 months' sentence in the Greenfield Jail for conspiracy to defraud the Government, against the injunction granted by Judge Anderson restraining the two wool men from transferring any of their assets pending the Government's civil suit to collect more than \$2,000,000 in taxes and penalties due the Internal Revenue Department of the Government.

John A. Cousins of Brookline, Mass., will take office Sept. 1 as acting president of Tufts College, at which time the resignation of Hermon C. Bumpus, announced last year, is effective. Mr. Cousins is of the class of '98, and has for a long period been a trustee of the college, serving as a member of the finance committee of the board, later on the executive board and on the board of visitors to the medical school.

Hercules, a trained monkey owned by Dr. Robert Martin, Bridgeport, Ct., a veterinarian, slipped out of its cage. He found a bottle of pills which he fed to two bulldogs, one valued at \$500 and the other \$250. The dogs died. Hercules made his way for four blocks to a house and, entering a bedroom, got into bed with two children. A police sergeant who had had experience in a circus caught Hercules.

That his wife married him to deceive and defraud him is the allegation which Clifford Law, of Springfield formerly of Southbridge, makes in a petition he filed in Superior Court asking the court to annul his marriage to Marjorie B. Bassett of Southbridge. He was married in Southbridge Nov. 8, 1917, and his wife left him the next day, he alleges. His petition states that she never intended to live with him.

The finance committee of Phillips Andover Academy has discovered that the average carpenter in Massachusetts gets a wage rate which is at least \$307 a year more than the average professor's salary at that preparatory school. The professor's income averages \$2091.11 a year, while the carpenter's, at \$1884.00, is going to make a dent for \$1,500,000, so that its professors can meet the high cost of living as well as the average mechanic. The drive will begin Oct. 13 and end Nov. 22, lasting six weeks.

Removal of the ban on German potatoes, retained up to Aug. 6, should result in a great saving to the farmers of Maine, according to a statement made by Joseph Hall, who recently appeared in behalf of the newly-organized Arrostook Federation of Farmers at a hearing before the War Trade Commission at Washington on the question of raising this prohibition. Mr. Hall stated that a review of the prices for the coming year, which had been sent out by the fertilizer companies, would be made necessary by the lowered cost of potato which, he said, would result from the importation of German potatoes.

Health centres, under the direction of the Massachusetts State Department of Health, will be established in all the state communities with a population of more than 2000, a campaign planned by the department doctors is successful. The bi-monthly bulletin of the health department under the signatures of Dr. Carey and Dr. Champion, the two most ardent advocates of the movement, outlines the program for establishing centres in many more communities than are have them. Every city or town with a population of 10,000 cannot do without a health centre, these two physicians maintain, and every community of 2000 should have one.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, paid \$10,000 for a thoroughbred Guernsey cow at the Oak Farm, Schuylkill, and named the cow Ellen. Three hours later Ellen gave birth to a heifer, which the singer could have sold for \$3000 if he wished. However, Mr. McCormack will keep the cow and heifer for a stable of thoroughbred cattle which he is going to establish at Roton, Conn. McCormack has already purchased a herd of Guernseys for \$40,000. Many of these cattle will be entered at the cattle show, at Boston Fair, Westville, Sept. 25, 26 and 27. Nearly \$4000 in prizes will be offered at the show for the four dairy breeds, Jerseys, Guernseys, Holsteins and Ayrshires.

The total estimate yield of the Massachusetts State income tax for its year is \$12,254,239.33, according to figures in the office of the Tax Commissioner, as against a total yield of \$12,437,333.50, showing a decrease of approximately a million and a half dollars. The decrease is accounted for in part by changes in the manner of assessment, although the total income returned shows a falling off, which is attributed to the taking of greater excess profit tax by the Federal Government this year. In 1918 the yield from taxes on incomes was increased by the addition of a war tax of 10 per cent of the amount of each tax bill. This year the Legislature has increased the rate on earned incomes from one and one-half to two and one-half per cent, but such increase in rate is not sufficient to offset the loss of income by reason of the excess profit tax and the elimination of the 10 per cent war tax. The increase of one per cent in the rate upon earned incomes is estimated to yield \$1,500,000.

Clarence Miller, who saw service with the Canadian Army, pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with breaking and entering the home of Thomas F. Morrill, Fitchburg, June, 1916, when arraigned before Judge Walter Perley Hall in the Superior Court Miller was clad in his uniform, with decorations for service proudly displayed. Inspector Fitchburg Police Department said Miller was arrested for the "break" a few days after it happened and gave bail in the Police Court. He disappeared after that and was not heard from in the Canadian Army.

YAQUI INDIANS ON WARPATH

Kill Two Mexicans in Raid and Plunder Mining Camps.

Agua Prieta, Sonora.—Two Mexicans were killed and the much of the Slaughter Land Cattle Company, also Moniezuma, Sonora, was damaged badly in a raid by Yaqui Indians, according to Dr. A. C. Veal, who has charge of the property. Twenty-five horses were stolen, twenty head of cattle killed and at the headquarters ranch everything was either destroyed or carried away, Veal said.

MOWRY APPEAL SUBMITTED.

Missionary Accused of Shelling Coreans Waits Decision.

Seoul, Corea.—The Supreme Court, which heard the appeal of the Rev. Eli Miller Mowry of Mansfield, O., a Presbyterian missionary, from conviction on a charge of having sheltered Korean agitators, has rendered decision.

M. Osawa, Mr. Mowry's lawyer, expressed the opinion that the case either will acquit Mr. Mowry or order a new trial in the Court of Appeals.

Not Much to Choose.

The honors are about even, whether your job wears out your shoes or your trousers. It sets you back about \$5 for replacements in either event. Kansas City Star.

Napoleon's Faith in Diamond.

Napoleon had a large diamond in the hilt of the sword he wore at his wedding with the famous Josephine, for he believed that the gem would bring him good fortune.

JAMES J. McCABE.

Composed New Score for
"My Country 'Tis of Thee."

James J. McCabe, composer of the American music for "My Country 'Tis of Thee." This patriotic air was formerly sung to the tune of "God Save the King," and the American music was written in response to public feeling that our beautiful anthem should be sung to music composed by an American. Mr. McCabe hails from New York, where he is district superintendent of schools and prominent in community music work.

WILSON CALLS A HALT
ON R. R. WAGE RAISES

President Agrees to Eight Hour Day Readjustment Giving 4c. an Hour Increase.

Washington.—President Wilson has taken the first step toward curbing the epidemic of higher wage demands, with the inevitable consequence of still higher production costs, continuing increases in the expenses of living and the completion of the circle by additional demands to meet the new conditions.

He denied the demand of the railroad shopmen for a general increase of wages from 15 to 27 cents an hour, though he conceded to them the principle of ten hours' pay on the pre-war schedule, for an eight-hour day. This amounts to an increase of about four cents per hour for the higher paid men and nine cents for others.

The decision was the result of recommendations by Director General of Railroads Hines and was announced by the President to a delegation of 100 labor leaders at the White House, who came at the President's invitation to hear the verdict and his explanation of the reasons for it.

The labor chiefs left the session with grave faces. They had a subsequent session with Director General Hines, at which they asked if the decision was final. They were told that it was; that the government had determined on the indicated course in regard to all general wage demands.

The verdict was a bitter disappointment to the labor chiefs. They believed up to the last minute that the demands of the men would be met for the most part—a belief that was shared by nearly everybody not in the confidence of the Administration.

Gompers and Gary to Meet.
Chicago.—An important conference between Samuel Gompers and Judge Elbert H. Gary and other officials of the United States Steel Corporation is being planned.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

TOKIO.—Vladivostok is reported surrounded by insurgents and full of refugees. A Japanese squadron arrived there. General Denekine's anti-Bolshevik troops captured a village.

TORONTO.—The Prince of Wales is acclaimed by many thousands at Toronto, where he opens the exposition grounds and starts the Canadian end of the international airplane race.

WASHINGTON.—R. H. Weld of Swift & Co., in denying charges of the Federal Trade Commission, told the Senate Agricultural Committee that packers' profits were reduced by food control.

WASHINGTON.—The latest fair price food list issued shows a downward trend in the cost of most articles and further decided reductions are predicted.

SAN ANTONIO.—Jesus Renteria, leader of the Mexican bandits, who held two American aviators for ransom, was killed by Lieutenant Cooper, another aviator, while the American force was hunting the outlaws in Mexico.

WASHINGTON.—Negroes of this country are being organized by the I. W. W. and the "Reds" to overturn the government and install Soviet rule. Representative Byrnes charged.

An unusual damage suit has been brought in Middlesex Superior Court, in which \$15,000 damages are asked for the death of Russell B. Frost of Stoneham, Mass., killed last May by an automobile, and \$25,000 additional for the "conscious suffering endured before death."

HOUSE ADOPTS
FOOD PLAN

Control Act Amended in Record Time So That Small Dealers Are Open to Prosecution.

LANDLORDS JUST ESCAPED.

House Reverses Itself After Adopting Measure to Punish Landlords Who Squeeze—Clothing Under United States Control.

Washington.—Rent profiteers escaped by a narrow margin being brought under the power of the anti-profiteering bill which passed the house of representatives. After deciding first to include them in the bill the house reversed its action. The final vote of 77 to 132 on the amendment found the Republicans lined up solidly against the inclusion and the Democrats solidly in favor of it.

This action was taken after the house, sitting as a Committee of the Whole, had adopted the amendment by a vote of 79 to 83. In both instances the Democrats lined up solidly in support of the amendment, while in the Committee of the Whole the Republicans broke ranks. The reversal came after the majority whips had rallied the Republicans back into line.

As it passed, the bill was in the form in which it emerged from the Agricultural Committee, with retail profiteers in food, clothing and other necessities brought within reach of federal prosecution. Final action by the house on the measure marks the first definite legislative step by Congress in response to President Wilson's demand for measures to aid the government in its fight on the high cost of living.

Debate on the bill lasted all day, and the occasion was taken by the Republicans for a general onslaught on the administration, Democrats rising now and again to the defense of the President and charging the majority with playing politics.

Rural members on both sides of the aisle rallied to oppose bringing the farmer within reach of the profiteering and hoarding penalties, and an attempt to include raw cotton with "wearing apparel" in the list of necessities to be regulated was ruled out on a point of order. Adverse votes prevented the inclusion of coal oil and gasoline under the head of fuel necessities.

With action completed by the house, interest centers as to the senate's reception of the drastic measure. Opposition in the senate Agriculture Committee, which will consider the bill in the upper branch, is very strong and many senators on the floor are said to feel that the legislation goes too far. Republicans there will make the same charge as was made in the house, that the President for two years possessed all the needed authority without exercising it against the profiteers.

Advocates of the bill have justified its extreme provisions on the ground that the emergency conditions existing with respect to living costs call for emergency measures, and attention has been called by them to the fact that the new bill, which amends the food control act, becomes inoperative at the same time that measure does when peace is finally proclaimed.

Permanent legislation to meet the profiteering evil in normal times is now under consideration by the house Judiciary Committee along lines set forth in the President's cost of living message. It is expected that it will be some time before this is shaped up for passage.

The Democratic drive for the rent profiteers appeared to take the Republican majority more or less by surprise. In the form in which it was offered the Huddleston amendment included "dwellings and dwelling rooms let for hire." Immediately it was offered, Majority Leader Mondell began rallying opposition on the Republican side on the ground that adoption of the amendment would open the doors to a score of other additions, the combined weight of which would make administration of the law impracticable. The deciding action was taken while the house was sitting as a committee of the whole.

"Rent," declared Mr. Huddleston, "is certainly one of the necessities of life, and rents have been ballooned to the skies all over the country. The discontent, especially among labor, is due in large part to the fact that a man scarcely can pay sufficient rent to insure his family shelter."

Landlords of the national capital were made the targets for special abuse and the debate yielded a demand that if the bill became law the government should proceed forthwith to make of the rent profiteers of this city a sober lesson to landlords everywhere.

FEW VOTE AGAINST STRIKE.

Walkout of 600,000 Maintenance of Way Men Predicted.

Detroit.—Of 175,000 ballots counted up to date only 2,000 are against a strike of maintenance of way employees and railway shopmen of the United States and Canada, according to officers here.

William Robson, assistant to A. E. Barker, grand president of the organization, says 600,000 votes will be taken and that they will be almost unanimously in favor of a walkout.

The Lawrence city council voted a loan of \$100,000 to cover expenses of the influenza epidemic of 1918-1919. Hannah Daly, owner of land where the outdoor hospital camp was located, agreed to reduce a bill for rental and land damages from \$10,000 to \$3,000.

SENATOR ASHURST.

Strong Advocate for Suppressing Mexican Disturbances.



New portrait of Senator Ashurst of Arizona, who is strongly advocating legislation which would put a stop to disorders in Mexico, particularly that which harms Americans.

TREATY FIGHT IS
CENTRED ON SHANTUNG

Forces of Administration Rallied to Prevent Adoption of Kiaochau Amendment.

Washington.—Restoration of Shantung Province to China will be recommended by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

Action was taken by the committee nullifying transfer of German rights in Shantung to Japan. Wherever the word "Japan" appears in those sections of the treaty covering the transfer they are stricken out and "China" substituted. This has the effect of confirming China in the possession of all concessionary rights held by Germany at the termination of the war.

The motion to thus amend the three sections of the pending peace treaty dealing with German rights in China was made by Senator Lodge. It was adopted by a vote of 6 to 8. Senator McCumber voted with the seven Democratic members of the committee in the negative. Senators Shields, Hitchcock and Pittman were not present, but under a previous agreement their votes were recorded against the Lodge motion.

This is the first formal vote on any feature of the peace treaty taken by the Foreign Relations Committee.

Elimination of the Shantung transfer from China to Japan constitutes a textual amendment to the body of the treaty. If the action of the Foreign Relations Committee is approved by the senate, the treaty must go back to the peace conference at Versailles. It would reopen consideration of the entire instrument.

The "mild reservationists," and several of the senators advocating drastic reservations, such as Mr. Lodge supports, are expected to form an alignment with administration senators in an effort to defeat the Shantung amendment.

* Make-Up of American Force *
* That Will Stay in Germany. *

* Officers Men. *
* Eighth Infantry 114 3,720 *
* Seventh M. G. Battalion 18 370 *
* 2nd. Batt. Sixth F. A. 20 620 *
* 35th Field Signal Batt., 15 478 *
* First Supply Train ... 10 485 *
* First Mobile Ordnance *
* Repair Shop 3 45 *
* Co. A. 1st Engineers... 0 250 *
* Field Hospital No. 13 0 82 *
* Ambulance Co. No. 23 5 153 *

PITH OF THE
VICTORY NEWS

General Howze, commander of the Third Division, who has been ordered to the Mexican border, arrives from France.

The demand of the Supreme Council that Archduke Joseph resign as head of the government of Hungary gave him two hours in which to obey, and the archduke and his cabinet retired within that time.

Action of the Japanese cabinet to have Manchuria and Mongolia excluded from the proposed Chinese consortium is regarded as showing the government's weakness in face of the militarists' demands.

The seven "mild reservationists" on the Republican side and half a dozen wavering Democrats hold in their hands the fate of the Shantung amendment to the peace treaty. President Wilson urged Senator Swanson to stand against the amendment.

Joseph W. Folk, counsel for the Egyptian peace delegation, told the senate Foreign Relations Committee that Britain is robbing Egypt of independence and reducing her to a subject nation. He asked the right for Egypt to appeal to the League of Nations Council.

A new State road which will provide a short cut for motorists going through Needham from Dedham and Dover to Wellesley and Natick is now under construction. It leaves Chestnut st., Needham, between Charles River and the railroad bridge following High Rock st., through to Natick and Wellesley.

FOOD HOARDERS
WILL DISGORGE

Retail Stores Agree to Sell at Once in Order to Escape Prosecution.

HUGE STOCKS ARE FOUND.

Mayor Hyland Discovers Millions of Pounds Kept Off the Market—Large Quantities Found in New York Put on Market.

New York.—The investigation of the agents acting under the direction of the local United States District Attorney's office has disclosed large quantities of foodstuffs which are being forced into circulation, Earl B. Barnes and Ben A. Matthews, assistant United States attorneys, said.

Mr. Barnes said that the reports of the storage holdings have been compiled and are being carefully examined. Dealers named by the warehouse men as having large quantities of supplies in storage are being summoned and interrogated by the federal authorities.

Mr. Barnes said that in cases where there are evidences of hoarding the dealer is given his choice of releasing the food for circulation through the trade or of being prosecuted under the Lever act.

"There are many of these borderline cases," Mr. Barnes said. "We are not certain whether the man is holding up supplies or not, in these cases, but we do know that he has large stores of foodstuffs which must not be held for periods of scant and no production. We impress on these dealers the fact that conditions at present are not normal; that if he was accustomed to hold supplies for ten months in normal times, he should be willing to aid in relieving the present critical situation by letting them go far more quickly."

"All the dealers we have approached this way have expressed a willingness to dispose of their holdings without delay. We feel that circulation, while not as spectacular, will be more helpful in solving the present problem than prosecution. The dealers have their own definition of 'holding for reasonable requirements' and we have another. They have theirs on business procedure; we base ours on present existing conditions."

Considerable comment was aroused by the report of Fire Commissioner Drennan to Mayor Hyland on the amount of foodstuffs found by fire inspectors in storage warehouses. In a statement making public the figures the mayor said he believes that other buildings other than warehouses are being used to store food.

The storage holdings reported by Fire Commissioner Drennan to the Mayor follow:

Eggs (in cases) 587,383.000
Butter, pounds 4,823,375
Sugar, pounds 8,417,178
Flour, pounds 7,316,125
Coffee, pounds 44,356,432
Tea, pounds 1,771,650
Tea, cases 85,687
Tea, chests 32,381
Meat (fresh), pounds 15,772,346
Poultry, pounds 623,048
Poultry, cases 6,509
Fish, pounds 5,429,340
Fish (canned), cases 121,705
Pork, pounds 3,416,308
Beans (in bags), pounds 62,189,322
Vegetables (canned), including corn, peas, tomatoes, beans and asparagus, cases 231,990
Lard, pounds 723,917
Rice (in bags), pounds 10,265,209
Rice (in bags), pounds 9,563,449
Milk (condensed), cases 121,579
Milk (evaporated), cases 67,580
Pork and beans, cases 22,380
Pork and beans, carloads 11

Mr. Williams, in commenting on his attitude regarding dealers who are holding large quantities of food, said those who are honestly storing the food to meet the winter demand would be protected rather than prosecuted.

The report of the State Department of Farms and Markets on storage holdings in public warehouses alone shows far greater quantities than those reported to the mayor. The state report enumerates the following holdings: Butter 24,507,185 pounds; frozen beef, 38,095,586 pounds; cured beef, 2,102,396 pounds; poultry, 8,975,832 pounds; fish, 12,412,053 pounds; frozen pork, 8,243,463 pounds; dry salt pork, 10,414,631 pounds; and pickled pork, 3,807,500 pounds.

CUTICURA
HEALS
SCALP

Hair fell out in handfuls. Scalp dry and scaly. Was itchy, rubbed and irritated so would wake at night. Hair dry and brittle and head disfigured with scales falling off. Used soaps and ointments with no results. Then used Cuticura, and when had used two cakes Soap and two boxes Ointment head was healed. From signed statement of Miss Mary Martin, Rutland, Mass.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum, promotes and maintains skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. You can do no better than make these fragrant, super-creamy emollients your everyday toilet preparations.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston." Send every order Soap 50c. Ointment 25c and Talcum 25c.

THE SAVINGS BANK
OF NEWPORT

The annual meeting of the corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport will be held at the banking rooms on Friday, July 18, 1919, at 3:30 P.M.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1919

Deposits made on or before Saturday, July 19, 1919, commence to draw interest on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

Summer on the Porch

Delightful—that depends. Better be in the house than on a porch exposed, even partially, to the broiling sun. You know that, then why not get some porch shades that will effectually keep out the sun, and why not, while you are about it, get shades that will make a real out-of-door living room out of your piazza, a shade that will beautify the exterior of your house as well as form a wonderfully fine background for porch decoration, a shade that will always keep the porch cool by its ventilator at the top.

If you make up your mind to that, you'll have to get a VUDOR. No other shade made will fill the bill.

TITUS'

SQUARE MERCHANDISE FAIRLY PRICED
225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(CONDENSED)
CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1919

RESOURCES

United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness	\$5,811,445.00
Loans and Discounts	19,655,981.74
Customers Liberty Loan notes rediscounted with the Federal Reserve Bank	2,190,325.00
Acceptances executed for Customers	50,000.00
Real Estate Mortgages	4,854,350.17
Bonds, Stocks and Short Term Notes	23,294,874.78
Banking Houses	936,500.00
Call Loans	19,987,004.85
Due from Banks, Bankers and U. S. Treasurer	7,238,318.23
Cash	2,129,595.44
	\$15,614,914.12
	\$75,329,741.77

LIABILITIES

Capital	13,000,000.00
Surplus	4,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,412,430.00
Reserve for Interest, Taxes, etc.	678,152.34
Customers Liability Account Acceptances Executed	50,000.00
Customers Liberty Loan notes rediscounted with the Federal Reserve Bank	18,718.16
Deposits	2,190,325.00
	\$3,927,379.51
	\$75,329,741.77

Money deposited on or before August 15th draws interest from August 1st.

NEWPORT BRANCH

OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street, Branch, 16 Broadway
NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION
All Goods are Fresh Absolutely

THE
Electric Household
Labor Saving

Electrical Devices

The WASHING MACHINE

The VACUUM CLEANER

The FLAT-IRON

The TOASTER and GRILL

Let us place one or more of these appliances in your home on trial

BAY STATE STREET
RAILWAY CO.

ILLUMINATING DEPARTMENT
Phone 27 449 Thames St



SUMMER SHOES

Dress and Outing Shoes of Every Description

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Complete lines of

WHITE SHOES OF BUCKSKIN OR CANVAS

For Men, Women and Children

Children's Sneakers, Barefoot Sandals and Play Oxford

Mail Orders Filled

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

214 Thames Street, Tel. 787

COTTON FOR BEST

Fabric Is Satisfactory and Is Supplanting Others.

Not Necessary to Don Silk or Woolen to Be Dressed for Street or House.

It has been within the last few years that cottons were produced in as attractive designs as silks or woolen fabrics. The fact that cottons were cheaper has kept manufacturers from thinking it worth while employing high-priced designers in producing new and attractive designs. So from year to year our gingham and calicoes have been printed and woven in much the same way, and it is only when we bought silk that we got the most attractive designs. This is still the case to a certain extent, for there is still much to be done in this matter of making cottons more attractive. Still, we can get cotton fabrics that are homely, satisfactory, and we no longer feel that we must don silk or woolen if we would be suitably dressed for the street or for formal occasions. Evening gowns that are immensely attractive are made of organdies and velvets of cotton, and street gowns that are appropriate for any sort of occasion are made in cotton foulards and other cotton fabrics.

If you can make your own frocks then you can have all sorts of attractive frocks at comparatively small expense. But even if you have to buy them they are not prohibitive, for despite the high cost of labor the manufacturers are managing to put out good frocks of cotton at a reasonable price.

One attractive frock that is put out by one of the manufacturers that would be suitable for any sort of street wear is of cotton foulard with long bell sleeves and a round neck with a collar of white organdie. The bodice extends into hip-length peplums and there is a wide girle of the poplin, making a sort of Russian blouse effect, thus producing somewhat the effect of a jacket, which we have come to regard as more suitable for outdoor wear.

For the busy housewife there is always wisdom in selecting a house frock that has short sleeves, for the task of unbuttoning long sleeves and properly folding them back whenever one has to go about any housework is not worth the advantage of having long sleeves. And in the new frocks there are many that have short sleeves.

CARRY FLOWERED HAT BOXES

Band Boxes, Gaily Decorated, Now Regarded as a Necessity for Week-End Trips.

It is quite the thing now, you know, to carry your best hat along with you in a band box when you go a-visiting or a week-end; but, of course, the band box must be a gay and "coquetish" affair, intensely smart and correct. Such a band box costs about \$4, but it is a delightful band box, covered on the outside with flowered cretonne and lined inside with striped canvas.

A leather handle crosses the cover and it may be slipped over the arm, and the cover has leather hinges so that it may be raised and lowered without removing it from the box.

Someone has prophesied that these cretonne band boxes are going to be as popular as general feminine carryalls as were the huge cretonne knitting bags which women carried a summer or two ago—before the diminutive sock-sized bag became more fashionable.

FOR MIDSUMMER OCCASIONS



When contemplating a trip to the shopping districts or to visit a friend, this afternoon gown of heavy navy satin is appropriate. The vestee is a lighter blue and the hat is of the same shade.

New Oil Substitute.

A factory has been started in Sweden for extracting oil from schist, thus adding one more to the number of substitutes already on the market. Large quantities of alum schist are found in the district, yielding kerosene and crude oil.

COOL FROCK OF ORGANDIE



Summer suns have no terror when they shine on this cool blue-and-white organdie frock, a most dainty and youthful creation.

EASY TO TRIM YOUR OWN HAT

Home-Made Headgear Possible for Any Woman and Affords Desired Individuality.

Never has it been easier to trim your own hat. In the days when it was necessary to adjust a hennep, to make and fasten in rolls and rosettes of malines, and then to arrange on the top of the hat quantities of complicated trimming the task of making a home-made hat was arduous and the results usually impossible. But for the last few years—this season especially—it is an easy enough matter for a person with a distinct idea of the effect she wants to produce to trim a hat in a satisfactory and professional way.

Everything today depends on the line of the hat itself, in the absence of built up trimming, so first select a becoming shape. Then the task is easy. The only disappointment now in the home-made hat is that it is no bargain counter product. It often costs as much as that found trimmed in the millinery shop, for feathers and shapes with the right line cost a pretty penny. However, the woman who wants to be original can be so at a smaller expense if she trims her own hat than if she purchased a really distinctive hat already trimmed.

The hat with the brim turned away from the face is a strong rival of the hat that shades the nose.

The milliners are making an effort to change the fashion from the latter shape to the former. Last season they turned hats up in the back to show the hair; now they let the brim run straight out at the back, but turn it up in front to show the forehead.

Some women show a wave or two of hair or a bit of fringe in the middle of the forehead beneath the up-turned brim. This is an innovation.

FRILLS AND FLUFFS

A gown of black taffeta is pounced with ecru point d'esprit.

Much metal lace is used by the French makers of evening gowns.

The new linen frocks are particularly attractive with square necks.

The sport skirt and hat frequently are of the same material.

White silk braid is used as trimming for crepe de chine underwear.

Brilliantly-colored capes are excellent for daytime or evening wear.

Taffeta dresses trimmed with fluted white ruffles are quaint.

Some new parasols have flying sprays of embroidery on their covers.

More lace is being used on common underclothes than for a long time.

A dainty blouse of white batiste features Grecian scalloped collar and cuffs.

Checked gingham frocks lend themselves to the quaint fishu for finish.

Scarf collars of self materials still are seen on the voluminous wraps of today.

Valenciennes lace is favored for trimming dainty blouses and light frocks.

Frocks of Linen.

Shown side by side with frocks of batiste, organdie, dotted swiss and chambray, there are the loveliest frocks of linen in white and delicate colors. Both the fine soft linen, almost like the French handkerchief linen, and the heavy coarse weave are liked. The heavier quality makes up beautifully into tailored dresses, suits or smocks. Hats are also made of this coarse linen. One lovely model was in a delicate shade of pink and was trimmed with a heavy cotton fringe.

Fine Walsts.

One of the latest designs in fine walsts shows a waist made of pearl gray georgette crepe with a lining down the center front. The lace is the attraction, as it is made of white for and very narrow; the ends are used on ends of lace.

A Georgia Philosopher.

Artemus Simms says the worst thing about being a fool is that others find it out before you do.—Dalton Citizen.

Optimistic Thought.

Temperance is the moderating of one's desires in obedience to reason.

TOO WILD IN CELEBRATION

Americans in Paris, Released From the Horrors of Trenches, Somewhat Astonish the French.

Not the least of our pride in the expeditionary force was its good behavior. For general morals we were the prize winners. But, of course, soldiers in a non-prohibition country will get drunk now and then. One reason for our prohibition wave is the fact that many Americans have no moderation in their use of alcohol, and that they sometimes tend, when drunk, to tear up the sidewalks, writes Will Irwin, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Your French polli, who, in his reaction from the trenches took to liquor, got a blissful and genial jag, which expressed itself in talkativeness and in flirtation. The American whooped it up.

As two coyotes on a moonlight night can give the impression of a whole wolf pack, so two drunken Americans could give the appearance of a drunk-en army. They might be surrounded by fifty polli, all half seas over; it was the Americans whom one noticed.

This tendency brought its most deplorable effects in Paris. The capital of the world was not a leave center. Nevertheless all sorts of commissions and netivilles centered there; soldiers were constantly coming and going on military errands; moreover, though Paris was officially barred, men nevertheless got Paris leave by pull or cajolery. In spite of the provost marshal and the military police we always had the American drunk with us; and when present he always announced himself. The French, who, as I have said, grow merely genially expansive with liquor, did not like this.

LEARNED MUCH IN FRANCE

Doughboys, Back in America, Are Not Quite the Same as When They Left.

"The boy just back from France is a mighty different chap from the lad who went over there," says William Howard Taft, adding, with a laugh: "He's learned a lot he didn't know before. Take two instances that came to my notice recently."

"One was the case of a doughboy who before the war had been a hotel clerk. On his return to America he applied in New York for a place."

"What references have you?" demanded the manager.

"Been over in France a year, and before that."

"Never mind the 'before that,'" said the manager. "If you've been in France a year you know all about domestic work. I'll make you head chambermaid."

"The other one," continued Mr. Taft, "was quite different. He, too, had come back from France, and he, too, had learned a lot."

"Do you think you could ever learn to love me?" he asked the girl of his choice, and she answered:

"I don't know. Anyhow, you might continue your course of instruction. Gee! it's so different!"

Cause of the Query.

As soon as women have the vote and the league of nations becomes a reality, says Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, she is going to be a "gay young girl." As it is, no one would suspect her of being past seventy. And she likes to tell stories on herself. This is one she told in Indianapolis to a group of friends:

"When I was in California recently, folks kept coming up to me and saying, 'How young you look,' in most surprised tones. Well, it began to wear on me. Why shouldn't I look young? So when a young girl came up and said it for the 'tenth time, I said, 'So do you look young.'"

"And then I learned the reason for all the surprise. The newspapers had been told that I was in California in '88 with Miss Anthony. It had somehow got twisted to read: 'Dr. Shaw was ninety-six when she was here with Miss Anthony.' That would have made me about 120 years old."

Caught at Last.

A father said to his pretty daughter one morning:

"What time did you send that young Simpson home last night?"

"Oh," replied the girl, "I don't think it was very late."

"It must have been close to midnight!"

"Why, father?"

"Didn't you send him out the back door and hurry off to bed when you heard me coming in?"

"Why, father, I had been in bed for hours."

"You heard me, then?"

"Yes, you woke me up."

"And you had been in bed for hours?"

"Oh, hoh!"

"That certainly is funny!"

"Why?"

"Because when I went to light the lamp I nearly burned my hands off on the hot chimney."—Youngstown Telegram.

No More Insects or Plant Diseases.

Now that plant quarantine No. 37 of the Agricultural department is in effect, prohibiting the importation of plants without a permit, there will be no more garden insects or plant diseases. If there are it will be the fault of the federal horticultural board, for no insects or diseases can enter now except with the permission of the board. Do not discard the sprayers and insecticides, however, as they will still be useful to combat the old and new troubles that are bound to appear.

Had Nothing on Mother.

"Sargent was a great artist," said the teacher of the drawing class. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one." "That ain't nothin'," piped up Johnny. "Me mother does that to me lots of times."

IMPROVING THE PASTURE

When and How This Can Be Done for the Best Results.

Use Barnyard Manure to Good Advantage.

High Grade Pasture Provides More Feeding Capacity and Bigger Dividends in Milk Yields.

When farm work slackens in the Fall after the corn has been husked and the crops harvested, the farmer will do well to apply lime to the pasture. The pasture problem is becoming more acute everywhere each year. The good palatable grasses are disappearing largely because the soil has become sour, and weeds, tough inferior grasses, and in many cases, moss, are taking their place. Many pastures will not maintain one-half as many animals as they did a few years ago. Observation shows that it requires more acres to maintain a cow nowadays than it did years ago when more careful attention was given to the quality of pasture.

Pastures seemed to be considered sort of a God given asset to the farm. They are much neglected in spite of the fact that grasses and clovers respond well to good treatment—especially to lime. One way or another pastures cost the farmer because upkeep of fences is necessary and interest on investment is continuous. They will not pay dividends without care.

There are three or four things necessary in pasture improvement. First in importance, on most of the areas, is an application of lime. Fortunately for the farmer, lime may be applied to the pasture at any time in the year. There is no best time. The point is to get it on the land. The most convenient time is undoubtedly in Fall when farm work has eased up. At this time lime may be carted and spread with little difficulty, especially the hydrated lime which comes in bags and needs no slaking. Generally roads are also good in the Fall for hauling. A ton of lime to the acre is none too much, because in most cases the soil has become very sour during a period of many years of heavy grazing, and no treatment other than the droppings of the animals which are never sufficient in themselves. Very finely pulverized lime is especially valuable, because it is so readily soluble and begins to correct acidity as soon as it is applied. If applied in the Fall, its action by Spring will have been sufficient to create favorable conditions for the growth of the old plants or for the growth of new plants springing from seed.

There must be sufficient plant food in the soil. To supply it, either barnyard manure or commercial fertilizers may be used. It is true that where manure is used, it will keep the animals away for a time, but that is an advantage in one way at least, in that it will give the grass an opportunity to make a start.

It will be beneficial to work up the soil with a sharp-toothed harrow to mix the applied material and prepare a better soil bed for the grass seed that should be applied. Spring seeding is usually best. Where the land is too steep to harrow, the seed should be applied when the soil is honeycombed by frost. It is important that strong, vital seeds, free of impurities are used, and they should be of kinds which will guarantee a succession of pasture. Fifteen to twenty pounds is a generous application. For most conditions from Maine to Virginia, where lime has been used, the following mixture will prove satisfactory:

Timothy, 10 pounds; Kentucky blue grass, 6; Orchard grass, 4; Meadow Fescue, 2; Italian rye grass, 1; Red clover, 0; Alsike clover, 4.

Many farmers are already using this mixture. Some add a pound each of white clover, alfalfa, and sweet clover. If the ground is very dry, smooth brome grass should be substituted in the mixture for an equivalent amount of orchard grass and timothy.

After this treatment has been given the pasture should not be overstocked, nor pastured too early in Spring or too late in Fall, because the plants must have some opportunity to make enough growth so that they will have vitality to live through the winter. And, once this treatment has been given to a pasture and enough lime applied to correct at least a part of the acidity, it should be repeated from time to time to maintain it in good condition. The application of manure, seed and lime should be repeated every five years, especially the application of lime.

THE SUMMER FALLOW.

The effect of summer fallowing upon the conservation of moisture alone is worth the trouble and expense. Often alfalfa planting comes when it is very dry. It must have moisture, and it is well to conserve the moisture of the preceding six weeks, not only because the plants need it, but because it is needed in the soil processes which change dormant forms of plant food to active. These processes are greatest during July and August, when the weather is warm and summer fallowing promotes conditions favorable to them. In this connection the constant working of the soil helps to incorporate lime, fertilizer, inorganic material and organic matter with the soil and secure an even distribution of all.

Such Is Life.

"Rich man, twin-six. Poor man, six twins." Is the way the Everett Herald puts it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Instead of buttonholes, a new collar for men has slots to slip over the buttons, these in front interlocking to hold the collar securely.

Schools to Close on Brockton Fair Days

Great Government Educational Exhibit to be Shown There is Marvel—Fireworks in the Evening and Everything



BLACK AND WHITE HOPE OF A THIRSTY WORLD

The Holstein-Friesian cocktail or the Jersey Julep seem to have the call as the national beverage in these times of prohibition and strict attention to business which have grown out of the lessons of the war. The United States put fighting blood into the World War and the same fighting blood is returning to civil life and being put into the world's business. It is a truth that needs no telling that the man who makes a position or holds one in the new world, which has been through the baptism of fire, must deliver the goods. The men and women of America have learned how to play and how to combine the two in right proportions. An exhibition of this winning combination will be the keynote of the Brockton Fair this year.

The Brockton Fair is the greatest and most popular outdoor school for all kinds of useful knowledge that an agricultural society ever conceived. The school this year will take place on the last day of September and the first three in October, and the resources of the United States Government have been secured for the educational advantages of the thousands who will go there to attain the new degree of B.F.D.

For many years the United States Department of Agriculture has participated in expositions that have been held from time to time to commemorate great historical and international events. Such participation has extended even to foreign countries, including the Paris exposition in 1900, the exposition at Buenos Aires in 1910, and that at Turin, Italy, in 1911. The Brockton Fair has been chosen as the New England outdoor festival at which the department will participate in its educational work of the Victory year.

But the exhibit of the Department of Agriculture will be only one of several great exhibits and educational aggregations which the United States has put together for the enlightenment of the people, and the Brockton Fair has been chosen for those of the War, Navy, Commerce, Treasury, Interior and Labor Departments—each one of them wonderful in itself; all of them rolled into one mammoth educational show as the tribute of the United States in crowning the Brockton Fair as the Fair of Fairs in the year of the World Victory and Jubilee.

The management of the Brockton Fair is duly appreciative of this Federal or National recognition, and has provided a fitting setting for the combined wonders of peace and war. Not only will the Brockton Fair be conducted the usual four days but there will be evening exhibits as well, something which the Brockton Agricultural Society has never before undertaken. This will give opportunity for fireworks displays which will far exceed anything previously possible in fireworks. One of the fireworks features will be a representation of "The Battle of the Marne."

THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD

Since the incendiary attempt to burn the world with a German firebrand, all civilization has eaten at a common table, and the garden which supplied that table was the soil of America. Food followed the flag and, although the farms were stripped of experienced helpers, the educational agencies everywhere taught the gentle art of food production and preservation. The need for this training did not end with the signing of the armistice or that of the Treaty of Peace, and the Brockton Fair is to "do its bit" by teaching all ages of people who attend the fair more about this wonderful soil which blossomed into fruition to save the world from starvation.

Better farming will be shown in photographs and enlarged pictures, charts and diagrams, all of which will be installed upon specially constructed panels. Miscellaneous samples and objects of various kinds will be installed in cabinets. Models illustrating activities of the Department of Agriculture will be placed on tables. These three types of installation will be used throughout the agricultural exhibit, and will supplement the wonderful displays of fruits and vegetables which always find their way to the Brockton Fair to excite wonder.

"A heap depends on location," said Uncle Eben. "What some folks calls a flower ain't nothin' but a weed when it grows up in the wrong place."

Buttonholeless Collar.

Instead of buttonholes, a new collar for men has slots to slip over the buttons, these in front interlocking to hold the collar securely.

ARMY AND NAVY EXHIBITS

The many exhibits of enemy materials taken from the battlefields of France, which have been shown on roller trains and in show windows at halls all over the country, have given a glimpse of the terrible instruments intended to subjugate the world under a tyrant's heel; but less attention has been given to exhibits of the material successfully used by the boys in khaki, although they are none the less, interesting. The management of the Brockton Fair has borrowed from the Ordnance Department 87 fully meter field guns and mounts, a trench mortar, Browning machine gun, aircraft guns, rifles, hand and rifle grenades of different types, a complete set of infantry equipment, drop bombs and projectiles and all the other things to which the youth of America had to be introduced so hurriedly in the use of which they gave out good account of themselves, even though "they" said we wouldn't fight.

From the Quartermaster Corps has been borrowed lay figures showing different kinds of uniforms used by the United States Army. One figure will display the winter uniform supplied to troops on duty in Siberia and Northern Russia. Another figure will be equipped with the regulation trench helmet and gas mask used by our troops in the late war.

The educational boards will display various insignia of rank and service of non-commissioned officers and privates, hat cords for enlisted men, campaign badges and the collar ornaments worn; silk colors, National and regimental, storm and post hunting daps, all displayed in an ornamental pedestal.

From the Signal Corps there will be contributions of enlarged photographs of air work in France; wireless, telephone apparatus as used in France, etc. There will be live carrier pigeons in cages, some of them feathered veterans which saw service on the firing line in France.

The wonderful work of the Engineer Corps in railroad and bridge building will be displayed in a collection of enlarged photographs borrowed from the corps, and various engineer equipment will be located in the exhibit. Articles from the service; from the medical department and whatever is educational and interesting, will have a place. With these things will be shown the enemy material designed to make them of effect and opportunities for contrast will add to the educational advantages.

The Navy Department has been called upon for a long list of material from the Bureau of Ordnance, torpedoes, guns, pistols, bayonets, projectiles, cartridges of the various types and ammunition to be included.

From the Bureau of Steam Engineering will be shown radio telephones and radio aircraft helmets, and from the Bureau of Construction and Repair two complete exhibition models of ships of the navy and five small models of ships showing the application of camouflage. The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts will loan outfits of winter clothing and submarine winter clothing.

Sheets showing the work of the Bureau of Yards and Docks during the war cannot fail to be interesting to everyone, as well as the outfit contributed from the Marine Corps, exclusive of rifles, drums, flags, pennants and guidons.

Since securing these educational exhibits, up to the minute as they are and keen as is the desire to know about all of these lines of useful activity, it has been decided in Brockton and in many of the neighboring cities and towns to close the schools in order to afford the pupils the opportunity to learn the object lessons which such exhibits make possible. Teachers are to take their pupils to see the governmental collections and take with them note books to secure data for future reference and study. Even the casual visitor cannot fail to be instructed as well as entertained and to go away with a more wholesome regard for the National facilities for making even the man little gives research or investigation well acquainted with some of the most wonderful achievements and activities of the present age.

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ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.
GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

Punctured

By ANDERSON-HALEY

(Copyright 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

P-z-z-z! B-a-s-s-h! With the sickening swish of escaping air and the harsh grinding of brakes the gray roadster came to an abrupt stop. Jack Raynor sprang out and glanced sharply at his front tires. They were unmistakably flat.

"Well, of all the cursed luck!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Both of 'em and not an extra tube or casing. Nothing for it but to vulcanize the holes!"

Then unaware that a pair of startled brown eyes regarded him intently from behind the roadside tangle of bushes, he proceeded to say other things, uncomplimentary things about the road and the people who frequented it, things which it is unnecessary to repeat, but for which he will doubtless be pardoned by the veteran motorist.

For the mercury had already climbed to the "ninety-in-the-shade" mark. Presently, having exhausted his vocabulary, he flung off his coat, collar and tie, rolled back his sleeves and fell to work jacking up the front wheels.

Meanwhile the owner of the brown eyes, sensing the gravity of the situation, slipped unobserved from his hiding place and, berry pail in hand, sped across the adjacent cornfield to the small brown house beyond.

For a moment she lingered hesitatingly in the doorway. Then she disappeared within. When she came out again she was wearing a crisp brown linen dress with a deep white collar, in place of the faded blue calico, and she had on the bronze shoes and stockings ordinarily reserved for Sundays.

"I wonder if I dare," she whispered to herself in suppressed excitement. "But I'm going to, anyhow. It's the least I can do. He'll never guess how it happened. And it is dreadfully hot and dusty out there. Besides," irrelevantly, "he is splendid looking even when he's angry."

Ten minutes later, as Jack Raynor was ruefully contemplating two sharp tacks that explained the flat tires, his attention was attracted by a rustling in the bushes and, even as he looked, a slender girl of nineteen or twenty emerged, carrying a shining tin pail and a basket. His swift appraising glance noted that she was unusually pretty, with shy brown eyes, an abundance of soft brown hair becomingly arranged, and cheeks that glowed pink beneath their healthy tan.

"I thought you might like a fresh drink," she began timidly, extending the pail. "It—it's so warm this morning—and we do have good water—and on the way I picked these peaches—they're just ripe enough to eat," she concluded setting down the basket.

To Jack Raynor, tired and thirsty from his strenuous work, the sight of the sparkling water was indeed welcome. Smiling his thanks, he accepted the pail and drank eagerly.

"I don't know whether you are a wood nymph or just a sort of human angel," he said returning it to her, "but I was longing for a drink, and I more than appreciate your thoughtfulness. I always felt I should know a nymph if I saw her—that like you, she would be all in brown, with a hint of wild roses in her cheeks and sunlight in her hair. Won't you sit down, Wood Nymph?" he added politely, spreading out his coat by the roadside.

"I—I mustn't," she replied, in the same soft voice, "because you see I don't know you."

"Oh, if that's all I can soon set you right," he responded gayly. "I'm Jack Raynor of the state highway department. I'm looking up the route for the new state road, and I was getting on pretty well until the Greyhound." Indicating the car with a nod of his head, "picked up a couple of tacks. I was just cursing my luck when you came along to prove the truth of the old adage about the 'silver lining.' And I'd much prefer to have company while I repair damages."

The girl seated herself gracefully and watched him with interest as he took out his vulcanizing outfit, affixed a rubber patch, clamped it into place, and lighted the gasoline in the container. While he was waiting for it to burn out he sat down beside her.

"Now suppose you tell me about yourself. Of course I know you are a wood nymph, but even they must have names—otherwise there would be no end of confusion."

"There's nothing very interesting to tell," she replied quietly, her eyes fixed on the flame. "I'm Rose Carey, and father and I live in the brown house over there. He carries the mail, so I'm alone all day. He used to be a school principal, and then he developed tuberculosis, so we bought this little place and came here to live. With the mail route and the garden we get along. I

had to give up high school, but he has taught me evenings. Mother died when I was a baby—there are just two of us—and I wouldn't for anything have him suspect I'm dissatisfied. In summer, with the flowers and berries and chickens, it's not so bad. But winters are lonesome—sometimes I just long to see the real world."

For a moment Jack Raynor was silent. Then, to hide the depth of his sympathy, he sprang up quickly and bustled himself with the vulcanizer.

"Wood Nymph," he inquired presently, "couldn't you be persuaded to have lunch with me? I brought a substantial one along, and it's only fair to share it with you, since you've supplied the drinks and dessert."

Then, taking her acceptance for granted, he fished out a large box from the rear of the car and deposited it beside her with the comment:

"If you like you may set the table while I finish pumping up these tires."

To them both the wayside meal was a delightful adventure, entered into wholeheartedly and in the spirit of comradeship. Jack Raynor found himself more and more impressed by the charm of his companion and she herself under his approving gaze grew momentarily more radiant. Her face lost its wistfulness and her brown eyes sparkled with fun. He was sorry, when, the lunch hour over, she rose to go.

"It's been a wonderful party, Wood Nymph," he said smiling down at her. "I have you to thank for turning my bad luck into fortune—now that I know where you live perhaps you'll permit me to stop without the excuse of repairs. Meanwhile here are the faithful tacks to remember me by."

But even as he laughingly extended them a change came over the girl. She drew back with a little shudder and turned her head away. But the gesture was not quick enough to hide the tears in her brown eyes.

"Why, Wood Nymph," he cried in genuine concern, "what's the matter? Have I offended you? Surely you know that I didn't mean to—"

"It—it's not you, it's—oh, you'll never want to see me again when I tell you—I put those tacks in the road myself."

"You put them there?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, because I—I wanted something to happen, because I was tired of seeing just the dust of the cars and never any of the people—I put the tacks there this morning when I came out after berries—then behind the bushes I waited—when your car came along I heard what you said and realized the damage I'd caused. I was frightened. First I thought I'd run away, but I wanted to make up a little for what I'd done—so I brought the water and the peaches. When you treated me so like a real friend—I couldn't bear to explain and spoil it all, but now," she added, miserably, "I can't let you go without confessing. I'm sorry about the tires, and, fumbling in her pocket, 'I'd like to pay for them with my berry money, then I wouldn't feel quite so—so like a—"

"You poor little girl," he said gently. "Don't you realize I'm grateful to those very tacks for helping me to find you—and of course I can't accept your berry money. But I'll tell you what, you can make it up to the Greyhound, if you like, with your own society, say twenty miles per tack."

With relief he observed that the brown eyes were smiling again.

"You see," he went on, "there's a prospect of running the road through your father's land—naturally that would considerably increase its value. I'll be over to talk to him about it some evening soon, and we can arrange about the ride then. Is it a bargain?"

Brief as it was, the handclasp sent a thrill through his veins. With reluctance he released her slim brown fingers.

"Except that it wouldn't be playing fair, I'm mightily tempted to turn bandit myself and carry you off; but I warn you it will take more than tacks to keep me off this road in the future, and just by way of farewell," he said, climbing into the car—he knew he should kiss her in another moment if he didn't—"let me say that you've achieved your wish, Wood Nymph, something has happened, sure enough, but I'm afraid this time it's a puncture that can't be vulcanized."

Rose Carey watched the gray car until it was lost in the white dust of the road. Then, womanlike, because in her heart she knew the answer perfectly well, she said aloud:

"I wonder what he meant by a 'puncture that can't be vulcanized?'"

Suffering Caused by War.

The name "barbed-wire disease" is found by Bing and Vischer to have probably originated in Switzerland, and it applies to a very marked functional mental disorder. The symptoms, recognizable in most men confined more than six months behind barbed-wire fencing, are severe in about 10 per cent of all prisoners. Increased irritability appears first, followed by diminished power of concentration, and there is much complaint of loss of memory of persons and places. Insomnia is a secondary symptom. Some prisoners have diminished eyesight, many grow suspicious, all tend to pessimism; some reaching an extreme in several days at a time of speechless torpor. Forgetfulness of words is very striking.

Got the Drop.

A certain stingy son of Erin, upon seeing another Irishman just going to drink a glass of whiskey, exclaimed: "Hould on Pat; let an old friend have a drop, the last taste in the wurld."

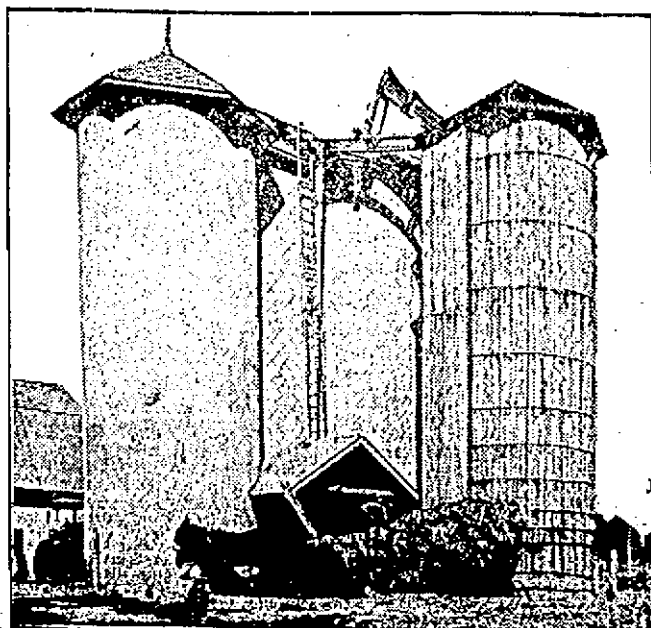
His friend passed the glass, and the stingy one emptied it. Pat was naturally annoyed, and said:

"Bedad, I thought you said you only wanted a drop!"

We may guess his feelings when he received the reply:

"The drop I wanted was at the bottom."

SUMMER SILAGE IS PROPER INSURANCE AGAINST LOSSES DURING DRY WEATHER



Well-Constructed Silos Being Filled for Winter and Summer.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The time has nearly arrived for filling silos—has quite arrived for building additional ones if more space is needed.

Materials are high. It may be a question with the individual farmer whether he can afford to build a silo this year.

Realizing that possibility, the United States department of agriculture believes that many men may be inclined to give too much weight to construction cost and not enough to silage value, and that therefore the advantages of the silo ought at least to be restated.

Advantages of Silos.

Here are some of the outstanding points in what the department's dairy specialists think of silos:

In general, more cow feed can be grown on an acre of ground in corn than in any other crop.

When put to a silo it is more easily harvested and cared for than any other crop.

Silage operations are absolutely independent of weather conditions. Corn for silage can be harvested in the rain.

The silo makes possible full utilization of corn that otherwise would be destroyed or damaged by frost.

The silo makes it possible to keep more animals on a given acreage, which means more manure and constantly increased soil fertility.

Harvesting corn as silage clears the ground early so it can be prepared for other crops.

With silage it is not necessary to put so many acres in hay.

In any other form a considerable portion of the feeding value is lost.

Corn cured as fodder loses about 40 per cent of its feeding value.

Corn preserved as silage loses only about 10 per cent of its feeding value.

About 35 per cent of corn fodder is wasted in feeding.

Only about 5 per cent of corn silage is wasted in feeding.

In other silage crops, weedy growth that would not be eaten at all as hay is all eaten as silage.

Saved in any other form, feeds become, in a measure, less palatable and less nourishing.

Silage is all succulent, and all palatable.

Silage Feeding Pays.

Statistics show that the percentage of profitable herds is almost three times as high among herds that are fed on silage as among herds that are not fed silage.

While there may be some possible question as to the economy of putting up silos under extreme high prices, there can be no question about the economy of filling to capacity those that are already up.

Every man who has a silo should aim not only to put up enough silage to carry his herd through the winter, but to have some for summer feeding, at least in case of emergency.

Even in the best of pasture regions, cows frequently drop 20 to 50 per cent in production—even more sometimes—in midsummer when drought cuts the pastures short.

When the rains come later, these cattle do not return to 100 per cent production.

If there is some stuff in the silo when the dry weather comes, the cows can be kept up in production through the drought and carried on at maximum production through the season.

Summer silage is, to the dairy farmer, insurance against loss from drought.

If he has not sufficient capacity to carry over summer silage, more should be constructed as soon as it is at all feasible.

The summer silo, to give the most service possible, should be of smaller diameter than the winter silo, for in order to keep it in perfect condition silage must be fed to a greater depth each day in summer than in winter.

As compared with silage crops, summer silage saves labor at a time when labor is urgently needed for other things.

Dairy farmers are realizing more and more every year that they must have summer silos.

Altogether Too Much Haste.

"What's your grudge against Judge Wombat?" "Too hasty, too hasty. Gives a man no time to prepare his cases. Case of mine has been on the docket only ten years and he insists on my going to trial."—Memphis Appeal.

PAINTING SILOS FOR FUTURE USEFULNESS

Of Great Importance to Protect Against Decay.

Good Inside Coating Is Coal-Tar Solution, Thinned With Gasoline—Wooden Staves Usually Begin to Rot at the Base.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Now that the cost of constructing silos is high it is more important than ever to protect against decay those that are already built.

A good inside coating for silos, specialists of the United States department of agriculture say, is coal-tar solution, thinned if necessary with gasoline, and applied with a paint brush. The best plan is to apply it one or two days before the silo is filled, but it can be done successfully during filling, the men in the silo painting a strip as high as they can reach, and repeating the process, periodically until the top is reached. When put on in this way the material must be thinned with gasoline which evaporates almost immediately and leaves the coal-tar dry enough not to injure the silage.

The same preparation is good also for coating the outside wall. The only objection is that black outside paint is not as pleasing in appearance as that of a lighter color. The high cost of linseed oil and prepared paints, however, cause many silo owners to neglect painting with those materials, and a black outer coat is certainly preferable to deterioration for lack of paint.

Wooden-stave silos that have begun to rot at the base—where decay usually begins—can be saved by sawing off the rotten portion. It is necessary, of course, to block up the silo before the sawing is done, and then to lower it gradually. Carefully handled, a silo can be sawed off and lowered absolutely without injury. After this operation there is likely to be three or four years of life left in a silo that without it would have been worthless.

RABBITS CHEAPEST TO RAISE

Compared With Chickens Points Are in Favor of Rabbits—Inexpensive Feed Given.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It costs about 25 cents to raise a rabbit to the age of three months. At that time it may be marketed at the rate of 35 to 40 cents a pound and the pelts are worth from 15 to 75 cents, depending on the kind of rabbit and its size. Oats, cabbage and water compose the basic diet used by most of the young growers. Compared with chicken raising, the points are in favor of the rabbit, for the hares are very hardy and require inexpensive feed.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Pigs are as clean as other animals if conditions are as they should be.

After weaning the colt will need some feeds to supply ingredients furnished by the mother's milk.

If the driver lets the horses' shoulders get sore, even if strong and sound, the horse is useless.

Sudan grass is a good hay for sheep, approximately equal in value to ordinary wild hay or timothy hay.

Alfalfa, sweet clover, red clover, bluegrass, brome grass, barley, oats or rape all make satisfactory hog pastures.

The sow should be given good, milk-producing feeds and she should be fed all she will eat if her pigs are to flourish.

The brood mare previous to foaling time will require a little extra care in her handling; she should not be overworked.

Floor for Dancing.

A floor wanted for dancing should be swept and scrubbed, and when thoroughly dry well sprinkled with powdered boracic acid, which should be rubbed in thoroughly. The children of the house may with advantage be allowed to dance on it.

CAN YOU LIVE ON \$15 WEEKLY

Government Experts Place This Sum as the Smallest Livable Income

Can you live on \$15 weekly? Government experts say that the smallest weekly amount on which a woman living in what is known as a "third" class city can maintain herself decently, is \$15. Could you make \$15 a week cover all your living expenses, from one year's end to the other? And if you are doing it, or intend doing it, just how?

Room and board, \$6.67. Room and board, according to government figures, should cost the \$15 per week female worker, \$6.67; this sum to include lunches. Clothing is placed at \$4.60, with \$3.60 left for all other and miscellaneous expenditures, such as car fare, dentist and doctor bills, laundry, all purchases not actually clothing, an occasional picnic or movie, and so on. The unreckoned weekly balance of 8 cents may account for postage, but otherwise it will not go far.

War, it is to be hoped, is over forever, but changing economic conditions at any time may work hardship, to poorly or even well-paid workers. The part of wisdom, therefore, is to make some sort of provision, however slender, however arduously accomplished, for such possibility. The slightest regular financial margin, the sterner the necessity. For such necessities and emergencies Thrift and War Savings Stamps most admirably suffice.

Purchase Stamp Weekly. The purchase of even a single Thrift Stamp weekly, means \$1 a month put into the safest of all investments, government securities. Four months will represent the sixteen Thrift Stamps, with a few pennies added, means later realization of \$5. And even if a War Savings Stamp can be purchased but three times yearly, the future situation will be brighter by a regularly increasing contingent of income-bearing investments.

It is fun to save as a future-profit-making game!

NEED \$3,000,000,000 FOR EXPORT TRADE

"In entering the battle for world trade supremacy, the United States must rely upon the American people as a whole to furnish the silver bullets. The Federal Reserve Board states that \$3,000,000,000 of new funds must be provided in the next few months if the United States maintains its present position in export trade. This sum must come from the children's banks, from the egg money of the farmer's wives, and from the surplus created by the people's savings."

Fight Shyster Brokers.

So said William Mather-Lewis, Vice-director of the Savings Division, Treasury Department, in an address delivered before the National Retail Hardware Association at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania recently.

Continuing, Mr. Lewis said:

"If the American people can be taught to give one-tenth the thought they devote to making money to the problem of spending and investing it wisely, the financial stability of the country is assured. Furthermore, the gold-bribe man and the shyster broker and banker, who are not playing their unduly traffic in separating the ignorant from their Government Bonds and War Savings Stamps will go out of business."



can you furnish a flat without mortgaging your wages?
The man who can marry without asking odds of the girl or the furniture man is his own boss.
The Government asks you to buy War Savings Stamps—regularly.
—How you helped a Savings Stamp!

Stuck to Savings Stamps and you won't be stuck.

What you will be tomorrow depends on what you save today.

You are worth what you have saved. Thrift is a shield against money worries.

Saving three nickels a day with interest will amount to \$1500 in about fifteen years.

Not Worried.

The Dentist—I'm afraid I shall have to kill the nerve.

The Book Agent—Go ahead. I guess I've got plenty left.—Judge.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

BETWEEN REVOLUTIONS MEXICANS FIND TIME TO INVEST IN U. S. S.

Laredo, Texas—Down in the land made famous by the roaring bull and revolutions, they are pulling a new one. The Mexicans are investing their money in War Savings Stamps.

Hundreds Buying Stamps. According to reports, the Mexicans are not purchasing these securities from Uncle Sam because of the beautiful pictures on the stamps, but because they know a good thing when they see it. This became known recently, when a Mexican came into the post office at Laredo, Texas, and purchased \$100 worth of War Savings Stamps. He stated that hundreds of Mexicans are purchasing War Savings Stamps as a means of safely investing their money.

GLASS ISSUES SHARP NOTICE

Warns Traffickers in War Savings Securities

Because of the numerous reports of dishonest traffic in Treasury Savings Certificates and War Savings Stamps reported to him, Secretary of the Treasury, Carter Glass, has issued a warning to holders and future buyers of these Government securities. In his warning he urges those now holding these certificates to avoid all dealers and redeem these securities only through postoffices. Secretary Glass' warning reads as follows:

To Protect Buyers.

"These securities were not intended to be negotiable and for the protection of the owners, in case their necessities required, provision was made for the redemption of War Savings certificates at post offices upon ten days' notice, at a fixed price, representing the original purchase price with an addition for interest. "No obstacles have at any time been placed by the Treasury in the way of redemption of these War Savings Certificates, and it should be generally understood that the owner of a certificate has an absolute right to redeem it in accordance with its terms. Any case of refusal to make such redemption, if brought to the attention of the Treasury, will result in prompt action."

Prevent Payment to Rascals.

"The Government needs the money and hopes the holders of War Savings Certificates will retain them, but will place no obstacle in the way of those bona fide holders who request payment. On the other hand, the Secretary will exercise every means within the power of the Treasury, and has asked the co-operation of the Post Office Department, to prevent payment being made to those rascals who are buying the certificates and stamps for less than their redemption value and promptly turning them in to the Government for redemption at a profit, and serves notice upon those people who are engaged in this disreputable business that this is the settled policy of the Treasury."

CHILDREN CATCH MICE EARN THRIFT STAMPS

When the cat's away the mice will play—but not at the orphanage at Oxford, N. C. At this thrifty institution the destructive little rodents are being hotly pursued by the children—not only the mice but even the big gray rats find no rest—and as they are caught they are sold for Thrift Stamps.

One Cent For Each Rat.

From Miss Mary G. Shotwell, field director for North Carolina for the War Loan Organization of the Fifth Federal Reserve District, comes the account of what the children at the Oxford Orphanage are doing. These children, she says, do not have a great deal of money, but what they get, Miss Shotwell says, they invest in Thrift Stamps. Recently rats and mice began a spring drive on the barn and the orphanage superintendent offered one cent for each rat brought to his office. The children made a splendid counter attack, catching and killing a number of the pests. Even the girls, forgetting their traditional fear of the furry little beasts, joined joyfully in the chase and a number of Thrift Stamps were bought in consequence.

Summer Contest Started.

Not alone at the Oxford Orphanage has Thrift Stamp enthusiasm developed. Miss Shotwell writes, for the Oxford Girl Scouts have sent a defiant challenge to the Oxford Boy Scouts to beat them in a summer savings contest. The boys are not expected to back down and a spirited race is expected, which, it is believed, will firmly establish the saving habit in more than one future citizen, thus not only benefiting them individually but materially bettering the community.

Daily Thought.

As turning the logs will make a doll fire burn, so changes of studies a dull brain.—Longfellow.

QUERIES.

10427. BRATTLE—Who was Hannah Brattle, wife of Robert. Her son Robert married Susannah Pearce of East Greenwich, and they had a daughter Rebecca who married in 1736 Asa Ames. Rebecca died about 1824. The first Robert died about 1745.—A. D.

10428. PERRY—Who was Henry Perry who married Elery? Henry's mother's name was Rhoda. Can any one give the full name and any information of —Elery.—G. A.

10429. WEAVER—Who was Thomas Weaver, who married Elphel (?) Atkins, May 16, 1776.—A. L. P.

10430. CAHOON—Who was Susannah Cahoon who married Joseph Vickery Sept. 15, 1787.—L. T.

10431. IRISH—Elizabeth Irish and Joseph Weeden of Middletown were married May 10, 1792. Can any one give the parentage of both, with dates.—R. L. R.

Curious!

Some birds are awfully curious and want to know what is going on. So if they see a human being in their neighborhood they will come close to investigate and perhaps to scold, and one of these birds is the Kentucky warbler. This bird has a preference for woods which are low and damp and ordinarily keeps well within the depth of tangled thickets. This bird, which ranges throughout the eastern United States, spends its winter in northern South America.

Only a Shepherd Dog. A shepherd dog owned by a man in Leominster, Mass., says a writer in Our Dumb Animals, roused the family by his barking one January night. The husband, wife and two children barely escaped. Once in safety the dog's master tried to locate his brave rescuer, but the smoke was too dense. The body was found near the kitchen door leading into the front hall. Only a dog!

Peach Tree Grown in Pot. Recent importations of the United States bureau of plant industry include a pot-grown peach tree from Rev. George Campbell, a South China missionary. A tree only 15 inches tall ripened five good-sized edible clingstone peaches. The plant is said to come true to seed, and it is predicted that fruit growers will develop a remarkable new race of dwarf peaches.

Nature's Method of Storage. In lower animals and in savage races nature stores up food for time of famine by converting it into fat. This provision of nature still operates, despite the lack of the necessity for it, among civilized peoples, and the result is corpulence. By substituting fasts for the famines of old, the flesh can be brought to normal with no bad effects.

Lisbon's Gambling Clubs. The Portuguese are born gamblers and the most brilliant side of their night life is found in the exclusive clubs of the city of Lisbon. Wonderfully appointed, with added attractions of excellent dining rooms, music, dancing, reading rooms and libraries, they are kept alive by one thing—the Portuguese love of play.

Just a Hint. Gerald lives downstairs and comes up whenever he smells something good being made. One day was doughnut day and Gerald, being cautioned by his mother never to ask for anything, said: "I mustn't ask for anything, but—um—they doughnuts smell good!"

Probably He Did. As Mary came running in from play the other day she met her grandfather, whom she had never seen before and who had very long whiskers. "Oh," she exclaimed when she saw him, "do you keep those whiskers on all the time, even when you go to bed?"

"Some" Talker. Jimmy had been over playing with the little boy who had just moved in across the street. When he came home I asked him how he liked the new neighbor. He replied, "I like him fine for games, but he is the talkiest kid you ever heard."—Chicago Tribune.

First to Cultivate Tobacco. John Rolfe was the first white man who cultivated tobacco systematically—making it the principal crop of the plantation, "Virginia," on the James, to which he took his bride, the Indian king's daughter. He began his operations in 1610.

Much Truth in Her Remark. In a Western court a certain man was defending himself in a suit for divorce. "She's unreasonable," he contended, adding, "why the other day she called me the laziest man in the world because I threw a kiss at her."

Casting by Centrifugal Force. A Brazilian engineer has invented a process for casting iron pipe by centrifugal force, which distributes the molten metal within revolving cylindrical molds that are water cooled.

Enormous Gas Waste. Poor construction of pipe lines is the cause assigned for the loss in one year of natural gas valued at \$9,000,000 in the states of Missouri and Kansas alone.

Daily Thought. As a vessel is known by the sound, whether it is cracked or not, so men are proved by their speeches, whether they be wise or foolish.—Demosthenes.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Mr. Albert Lee Purcell, who has been spending the past three weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purcell of Oakland Farm, has returned to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison of Newport have moved into the cottage near Oakland Hall recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, who moved to Newport.

Mr. Carl Anthony has recently purchased the two tenement house formerly occupied by the two sisters, Miss Susan Manchester and Mrs. Rebecca Gifford, but now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott.

Mrs. Byron Randall of Clayville, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Miss Fannie T. Clarke. Mrs. Randall is suffering from a nervous breakdown.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Pierce and daughter Muriel and Mrs. Pierce's mother, Mrs. William B. Clarke, and Mr. and Mrs. William Penn Macomber and son William motored to the White Mountains, where they spent the week.

A German police dog belonging to Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt recently killed four valuable sheep and many sheep and lambs were badly bitten, of the Glen Farm flock owned by Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor. The dog was shot, upon entering the flock the third time, which happened to be in the daytime, the other raids being at night.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hansen have moved from the West Road in Middletown and are now occupying the tenement recently vacated by Mr. Rutherford S. Elliott.

Miss Amelia Perry of Pawtucket, who has been guest of Miss Kato L. Durfee, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jethro Harrison Peckham have returned to their home after a trip to Bar Harbor, Me., where they were guests of Mrs. Peckham's sister, Mrs. George A. Sward.

Mrs. Merle Holman has returned to her home in Springfield, Mass., after a visit with friends and relatives in this town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Smith have as guests Mrs. Edmund Lalland and George Lalland of Lowell, Mass.

Miss Helen Ayler is confined to her home at Cossy Corner by illness. Miss Ayler is a telephone operator employed at the Portsmouth exchange.

Mrs. Edmund Chase, who underwent serious operation at the Highland Hospital, has returned to her home on Anthony Road, Ferry Neck, after spending two weeks at the Hospital. Mrs. Annie H. Carter has been caring for her family during Mrs. Chase's absence and will remain to care for her.

Rev. Mrs. Kathryn Cooper has returned to her home at the Methodist Episcopal Church parsonage, after spending a two weeks' vacation at East Bear Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Miss Landers, a deaconess, of Fall River, who has been staying at the parsonage, recently received a telegram, announcing the sudden death of her father at Saratoga Springs. Miss Francis, a deaconess, and two young lady students of the Deaconess School, who have been staying at the parsonage, have returned to Fall River.

Mrs. Ida Grinnell has returned to her home on Freeborn street after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. John N. Geisler and Rev. Mr. Geisler and family of Acushnet, Mass. Another daughter, Mrs. Levi Almy, of Waterbury, Conn., is guest of Mrs. Grinnell.

Rev. Charles Frederick Beattie, who died in Newport, was buried in the cemetery of St. Mary's church, of this town. The rector, Rev. Everett P. Smith, read the opening services as the casket was lowered into the grave. Rev. Robert Bachmann, Jr., of St. Paul's Church and Rev. I. Harding Hughes of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel of Middletown, were among those present.

The annual lawn party of St. Anthony's church was held on the grounds of the Newport County Fair. The ladies have been preparing for this event and an enjoyable and successful affair was had. A chicken salad supper was served in the evening and a social time, with dancing, was held afterwards.

Master Warren Hamilton, the 12-year old son of Mr. Raymond Hamilton, left here on Saturday to join his father in Colorado. His uncle, Mr. Frank Chase, accompanied him as far as New York, where he put him in charge of a conductor on the train. Master Hamilton has spent nearly all his life here with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chase, until the death of Mrs. Chase, and then with his uncle and aunt, Mrs. Frank Chase.

W. T. WILSON

EYES EXAMINED
GLASSES FITTED

15 YEARS ON MATHEWSON STREET

Third Floor

TURK'S HEAD BUILDING

Providence - R. I.

R. I. Normal
School

announces the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 2, at 10 a. m. New students will register and will be assigned to classes at that time. Former students with irregular programs should meet their advisers at one in the afternoon. Former students with regular programs will register at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. Candidates for admission must be graduates of approved high schools, with recommendations from Principal. There will be a voluntary examination Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 9:30 a. m., not in subject matter, but to determine for each applicant, by modern scientific tests, whether he may wisely fit himself for the teaching profession. The following courses will be offered: 1. General course; 2. Kindergarten; 3. Primary course; 4. Course for college graduates; 5. Special course for teachers of successful experience; 6. Course of library training; 7. Course in co-operation with Rhode Island State College. For catalogue apply to JOHN L. ALGER, Principal, R. I. Normal School, Providence.

WALTER E. RANGER, Secretary of the Trustees, Room 112, State House, Providence.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon of last week, when there were present four members, including Robert W. Smith, William J. Peckham, Henry C. Sherman and John H. Spooner.

In Probate Court the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Clarke T. Barker, Fannie R. Barker was appointed administratrix and required to give bond in the sum of \$2,000 with Dorcas E. Barker as surety. Joshua Coggeshall was appointed appraiser.

Estate of Laura G. Chase, Arthur W. Chase was appointed administrator and directed to give bond in the sum of \$3,500 with Alden P. Barker as surety. Edward E. Peckham was appointed appraiser.

Estate of Arnold B. Smith, Ellen E. Smith, as executrix of the will, presented an inventory of the personal estate amounting to \$39,003.80, which was allowed and passed for record.

In Town Council. A communication received from the Newport Improvement Association, asking the Council to unite in the protest made by this Association, the board of aldermen of the City of Newport, and some other bodies, against the closing of a section of the East Main Road by the State Board of Public Roads and the methods and policies of the State Board in general. There was nothing in the communication convincing of any preconcerted movement on the part of the State Board travel to Newport. During the construction or re-construction of any public road, inconvenience to public travel is inevitable and unavoidable, and has to be tolerated. The permanent resident suffers to a much greater degree than the transient visitor. The communication was laid on the table.

The Bay State Street Railway Company presented two petitions, one for permission to trim trees and the other to locate a pole on Green End avenue, opposite the residence of John H. Pelham. Both petitions were granted.

Accounts against the town were allowed and ordered paid, amounting to \$1,080.94.

The Council adjourned to meet as a board of canvassers on September 2.

A Portuguese man living on Indian avenue lost a horse on Tuesday. While on Bliss Road, going to market with a load of fresh vegetables, the horse slipped and fell, breaking its leg, and had to be shot. Another horse, owned by Mr. Frank Nunes of Berkeley avenue, was gored in the throat by a bull, which was turned out in the same pasture. An artery was severed, causing the horse to die.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Marion R. Gardner of Providence and Mr. Samuel G. A. Rogers. Mr. Rogers is the son of Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers of Evanston, Ill., and has spent many summers with his parents at "Lazy Lawn," the Arnold estate in this town, and is well known here. He is a grandson of the late Samuel Greene Arnold of Portsmouth. Mr. Arnold has recently returned from overseas.

Mr. Anthony Cappuccilli has recently purchased a piece of land of the Mary J. Kenney property on Crescent avenue and an adjoining lot of land from Edgar F. Power on Aquidneck avenue. Mr. Joseph Ardito has purchased an acre of land on Aquidneck avenue.

Many persons from this town and Portsmouth attended the Stone church clambake in Adamsville on Wednesday. Some members of the Grange who were planning to attend the clambake at Whitridge Hall of the Nanaquak Grange on Monday, were forced to forego the pleasure on account of the rain.

Mrs. J. Overton Peckham, formerly of this town, is guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. E. Marion Peckham on Prospect avenue.

Mr. William Truman Peckham, who recently had an operation performed upon his eye, is doing as well as expected, and is now able to sit up a short while.

The second meeting of the 500 Club was held on the piazza of the home of Mrs. Clifton B. Ward on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker have as guest their daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Ethelbert Dyson, Jr., of Jacksonville, Fla. Mrs. Dyson expects to remain here two months.

Town Sergeant and Mrs. Thomas B. Ward have been guests of their daughter, Mrs. William Brown, of Slocum, R. I.

The gypsies, which customarily travel with horses, are very numerous in this town, travelling in six automobiles.

Aquidneck Grange held its annual picnic at Third Beach on Friday evening at 5 o'clock. A basket luncheon was served. The regular meeting was held on Thursday evening.

The store of Mr. George Thomas & Son, Mr. Charles Thomas, near the Providence railroad car barn, was broken into and robbed recently. Large quantities of ice cream, cakes, and candy were taken, and apparently eaten there, as there were numerous papers and spoons thrown around. The cash drawer was robbed, several dollars, mostly in change, was taken, and fifteen packages of cigarettes and candy. It was very peculiar that no one heard the break, as a large plate glass window was smashed for an entrance. Mr. Thomas lives in a bungalow a few feet from the store and there are several other neighbors very near.

County Agent Sumner D. Hollis gave a demonstration of culling at the farm of Harry Sherman on Turner road on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber and family have had as guests Mr. Webber's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Putnam Webber of North Dana, Mass. Rev. Mr. Webber preached last Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Sunday was Saint Bartholomew's Day and it was observed at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel by a celebration of Holy Communion and special sermon by the rector, Rev. I. Harding Hughes.

Mrs. Bell, Mr. John T. Carr's housekeeper, was badly burned recently by hot water, when a part of the stove broke, turning the water on her.

OLD BOOKS
WANTED

PAY LIBERAL PRICES

For Old Books, Pamphlets, Documents, Manuscripts, Almanacs, Play Bills, etc.

And am in Newport once a month for two or three days, to answer calls from people within 20 miles of Newport, having material of this character for sale.

If you wish to see me on my next visit, write me.

F. J. WILDER

ANTIQUARIAN

10 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, August 29th, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of JOHN F. EASTON, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

BELLE G. GLADDING.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Aug. 18, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of MARY O. ROSE, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN N. DODGE.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Aug. 18, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of MYRTLE L. MITCHELL, of said New Shoreham and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN N. DODGE.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, August 23rd, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of DANIEL MAGUIRE, otherwise known as Daniel McGuire, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

BRIDGET MARY MCGUIRE.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, August 23rd, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of DANIEL MAGUIRE, otherwise known as Daniel McGuire, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WILLIAM R. CHAMPLAIN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

No. 102

Reserve District No. 1

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, June 30, 1919.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	289,777 84
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	28,377 84
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	570 00
Liberty Loan Bonds 3 1/2 and 4 1/2 per cent. pledged to secure U. S. deposits or other deposits or bills payable	110,000 00
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	61,341 78
Total U. S. Securities, etc., other than U. S. Bonds	92,028 75
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock	1,100 00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent. of subscription)	5,100 00
Value of banking house, 11,000 00	11,000 00
Equity in banking house	14,000 00
Liabilities payable with Federal Reserve Bank	33,024 24
Cash in vault and net amounts due from National banks	97,300 80
Exchanges for clearing house	9,385 37
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,300 00
Interest earned but not collected—on notes and bills receivable not past due	2,241 50
Total	\$701,771 85
LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	50,000 00
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	12,977 90
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	2,137 88
Circulating notes outstanding	105,430 00
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	1,043 99
Individual deposits outstanding	45 70
Certificates of deposits due less than 90 days (other than for money)	3,344 54
Dividends unpaid	4,219 20
Total	\$701,771 85

Presidents in Country's History.

Martin Van Buren, the eighth president, was the first president born after we had declared our independence of England, and John Tyler was the first born after the formation of the United States.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF		Reserve District No. 1
The National Exchange Bank		
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on June 30, 1919.		
RESOURCES		
	Dollars	Cts.
1. Loans and discounts including rediscounts, (except those shown in b and c)	512,719 94	
2. Total loans	512,719 94	1512,719 94
3. U. S. Bonds (other than Liberty Bonds, but including U. S. certificates of indebtedness)	2,036 11	
4. U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000 00	
5. U. S. Bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged to secure U. S. deposits (par value)	10,000 00	
6. Premium on U. S. Bonds	110,000 00	
7. Liberty Loan Bonds 3 1/2 and 4 1/2 per cent. pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	96,000 00	
8. Liberty Loan Bonds 3 1/2 and 4 1/2 per cent. pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	26,000 00	121,500 00
9. Bonds (other than U. S. Bonds) pledged to secure U. S. deposits	65,500 00	
10. Securities other than U. S. Bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	128,944 60	
11. Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent. of subscription)	184,294 50	
12. Value of banking house, owned and unencumbered	4,950 00	
13. Equity in banking house	22,815 00	
14. Furniture and fixtures	22,815 00	
15. Land and buildings owned	1,000 00	
16. Cash in vault and net amounts due from National banks	91,872 05	
17. Exchanges for clearing house	148,318 48	
18. Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 27)	10,332 98	
19. Total of items 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18	18,140 23	
20. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	177,285 55	
21. Interest earned but not collected—on notes and bills receivable not past due	5,000 00	
Other assets, if any	2,524 94	
Total	\$1,208,403 13	
LIABILITIES		
	Dollars	Cts.
22. Capital Stock paid in	\$100,000 00	
23. Surplus fund	50,000 00	
24. U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation	85,876 17	
25. Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	36,376 17	
26. Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	2,018 85	
27. Circulating notes outstanding	91,800 00	
28. Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	4,549 44	
29. Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies (other than included in items 31 or 32)	174,237 44	
30. Certified checks outstanding	8,043 76	
31. Demand deposits other than bank deposits subject to notice (deposits payable within 30 days)	186,886 63	
32. Individual deposits subject to check	650,420 48	
33. Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money received)	47,829 80	
34. Dividends unpaid	4,043 60	
35. Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve Items 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41	701,793 43	
36. Bills payable, with Federal Reserve Bank	25,000 00	
Total	\$1,208,403 13	

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND
County of Newport, ss.
I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1919.
EDWARD A. BROWN, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest: JOHN T. HARRIS, FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL, Directors.

NEWPORT BEACH
SHORE DINNERS TODAY
AND EVERY DAY
Service from 12 noon to 8 p. m.
A la Carte Service, Fish, Lobsters, Steaks, Chops and Chickens.
Special Dinners Served at Lunch Dept. in Convention Hall
DANCING TONIGHT
8 to 11 o'clock
Music by NEWPORT BANJO BAND
12 Pieces
ADMISSION PRICES
LADIES 22c. War Tax 3c. Total 25c. GENTS 31c. War Tax 4c. Total, 35c.

NEWPORT BEACH
MEN AND WOMEN WANTED
to learn Funeral Directing and Embalming.
DAY AND EVENING CLASSES
TUITION \$50.
NATIONAL SCHOOL OF EM-BALMING
103 Aborn Street Providence
To NEW YORK
FALL RIVER LINE
Lv. Long Wh. daily at 9.45 p. m.
Sundays 9.15 and 10.00 p. m.
Ticket Office on the Wharf
NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP LINES
THE
Newport Gas Light Co
offers a limited amount of
COKE for Sale
at the following prices
DELIVERED
36 bu. Prepared Coke \$7.50
36 bu. Common Coke 6.50
(An extra charge of 50 cents shall be made for every 36 bushels carried to bins.)
AT WORKS
Prepared Coke, per bu. .20
Common Coke, per bu. .17

Mackenzie & Winslow
(INCORPORATED)
Dealers in
HAY, STRAW,
GRAIN
POULTRY SUPPLIES
SALT
Agent for H. C. Anthony's
GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS
Store: 162 BROADWAY Phone 181
Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 208
Jamestown Agency
ALTON F. COGGESHALL
Narragansett Ave Phone 2030
What a Great Man Wrote.
Jacob A. Rills, the great man of a few years ago, once said that some of the best are merely installments of victory. Look upon defeats in this way and take fresh courage to begin again.
Its a Lifetime Business.
The contents of the widow's chest had quite a reputation in their day, but probably nothing else ever lasted as long as the settlement of a large estate in the hands of a competent executor.—Ohio State Journal.